The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXIV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER, 10, 1920 NUMBER 310

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The Week

EVEN to those who expected a Republican avalanche, the size of Senator Harding's majority is staggering. Even allowing for the large numbers of women who voted for the first time, it is several million more than the bumper Republican crop of 1904. The enormous bulk of the landslide is in striking contrast to the neutral personality of the candidate elected. Few Presidents can so little as he be said to have won on their magnetism or their words or their ability, or any of the human traits that compose political popularity. Neither can America's attitude towards a league of nations, or even the League of Nations, be called the issue on which he rode to victory. The colorlessness of the candidate, the conflicting Republican policies on the League, the disappearance of huge blocks of the Democratic vote of 1916, all show that a complex but irresistible disgust with the eight years of Democratic administration was the force that pushed along the landslide. A good measure of the election is the vote in New York state, where Mr. Harding may have a majority of over one million, while the Republican candidate for Governor, Judge Miller, wins by less than 75,000.

IN New York City some 750,000 voters who yielded to the general disgust with the administration by voting for Harding, resisted this wave of sentiment sufficiently to split their tickets and vote for Governor Smith. Some may suggest that such figures were simply the result of secret trades in which Tammany's part of the bargain was to knife Cox. But it is impossible to believe that Smith's extraordinary total was rolled up by "deliverable" votes. In times when partizan feelings are running as strong as now, the votes that politicians are able to round up and hand over like sheep can scarcely exceed five per cent of the total. The result is undoubtedly a genuine tribute to the ability of Governor Smith, and coming at a time when the tides of political sentiment are so strong, it marks perhaps one of the greatest personal victories in the history of American politics.

AS we go to press, it seems clear that the Republicans have increased their majority in the Senate from two to twelve. This is still eight votes short of a two-thirds majority. President Harding, therefore, will have to find some compromise that will not only be equally acceptable to Borah, Johnson, Root, Hoover and Taft, but one that will go far enough away from the stand of the Irreconcilables to tease eight votes away from the Democrats. The manoeuvres and dickerings that will accompany a settlement of the Treaty and the League will severely strain the unity of the party. But although the Republicans lack the necessary two-thirds in the Senate, they have an ample majority in both houses to pass domestic legislation. They have strength enough in Congress to carry out in every detail the internal changes they desire. And having so bravely rebuked the Democrats for failing to put through a national budget, and having attacked the pork barrel so mercilessly, they will have no excuse not to make good in these and whatever other administrative reforms, along the lines of business efficiency, they have promised in both their speeches and their platform.

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FOR months the story of Harding's Negro ancestry had an underground circulation in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. Calculating the last minute effect an indignant denial would have, and the strong possibility that the stories would boomerang against the Democrats, the Republicans have brought the whole business into the open. Their version of Senator Harding's family tree is thoroughly convincing, and marks certain Democratic elements guilty of tactics as low and dirty as any ever used in our national politics. In a democracy no rumors that derive their effect from underground circulation should carry any weight at all. The underhand use of the story of Senator Harding's Negro blood is vile in itself, even if a slander the deep perfidy of which consists in imputing to a man ancestry from colored people may seem a little strange to foreign nations. One must be American to understand why this is a "slander." Yet in Liberia or Haiti, some day, there may be a presidential candidate whom his enemies will seek to injure by spreading the false and slimy tale that his great grandfather was a white man.

MR. TUMULTY, who has been faithful to the President in fair weather and foul for over ten years, drew, in a speech at Bethesda, Maryland, a picture of Wilson, the man as he really is, in words that had the ring of a farewell. These words make us forget for a moment the Wilson that obsesses all of us now, the politician and peacemaker, the friend and protector of Burleson and Palmer, the Wilson of the Fourteen Points and the Covenant. They make us forget for a moment the world-shaking idealism, fading through compromise into a lonely obstinacy. They remind us that if much of Wilson the statesman can be explained, the exact human quality of him still eludes us. The particular flavor of his words has been our best key to his character, and his words, whenever used with evident emotion, have suggested a nature too chilly to be quite human, but striving earnestly to achieve a human warmth. Mr. Tumulty gives us a wider glimpse of this, in sentences that sound strangely like his chieftain's voice. They have the same elaborate exhibition of emotion, the same frigid emphasis on "heart" and "love." Sympathy for President Wilson in his present illness and low estate would tempt us to pierce the unreality that surrounds him, for here is surely a great riddle not yet solved. Part of the mystery is locked up within these words: "This lonely man"—says Mr. Tumulty—"is lonely not because he disdains love. He craves it with all his soul. He said to me: '. . . . . I do not want to be displayed in public. If I tried to do it I would do it badly. I want people to love me, but they never will.'" Ask the Sphinx whether this lonely defeated leader is of men, or of a race that dwells rather upon some frosty political Olympus. But now, in this supreme moment of sorrow and defeat, he should command the respect and generosity of all men. For his ideals he has lost health of body and peace of mind, and our sympathy goes out wholeheartedly to a man now about to go down to history as a great and a tragic figure.

THE State Department's rather devious attempt, by issuing a report from the Consul at Riga that a certain Mr. Vanderlip had in conversations with Lenin claimed to represent Mr. Harding, to brand the Senator as a pro-Bolshevik, did not produce the desired political result. Senator Harding, of course, denied knowing anything about Mr. Vanderlip. But he did not accept the opportunity, so plainly offered him, of denouncing the Bolsheviki and putting violently away any thought of recognizing them. Mr. Wells raises a suspicion that everything has been by no means told, when he says to a correspondent of the New York World: "Mind you, I do not deny what Vanderlip is reported to have said to me. I had private conversations with both Vanderlip and Lenin in Moscow. I will consider them very carefully before I write about them." There was a letter too, from Senator Harding, that Mr. Vanderlip was said to have shown to people in Moscow. The Senator says he has no recollection of it, but he will not absolutely deny that he ever wrote such a letter. Perhaps it is a letter like the one to Stanley Washburn of April 10th, which the Senator has never denied. In April he thought we were "coming to a point where there is no other course to pursue than recognize the de facto of the (sic) government of Russia." To any one who desires recognition of the Soviet government ardently enough to let his hopes color his reason, there can be found in this situation some ground to expect recognition.

A NOTE from Chicherin in Moscow confirms Mr. W. D. Vanderlip's statement that through him a syndicate of Pacific coast capitalists have secured from the Soviet government a sixty-year concession of all Siberia from the 160th meridian north east to Bering Straits. It is no wonder Japan is interested and curious about a concession that gives American business exclusive commercial rights over territory as large as Texas and California combined. The grant includes the peninsula of Kamchatka, which popular imagination has long pictured as an utterly desolate land at the end of nowhere. Yet Kamchatka is no barren wilderness.

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Its summers are cool, but its winters scarcely harder than New England's. Great forests cover its mountain ranges, and in the valleys between George Kennan—exploring many years ago—found a paradise of wild flowers. Casual prospectings that have scarcely scratched the surface have found there gold, copper, mercury, iron, ochre and sulphur. Not over 8,000 men and women, a few Russian, mostly native Kamchadales, live in scattered settlements over the peninsula, "subsisting extensively"—if we are to believe the Encyclopedia Britannica—"on the bulbs of the Martagon lily."

THE third anniversary of the Bolshevik November revolution brings to the Soviet government a substantial and perhaps decisive birthday present. The long expected drive against Wrangel has in a few days achieved great success. Wrangel's centre is broken; he is in retreat 80 miles from his positions of a few days ago; he has lost all the important towns once held in the Taurida, and the Red armies even threaten to cut off his retreat into the Crimea. The General's "South Russian Embassy" at a safe distance in Paris naively remarks that his retreat is a "strategic" one," "in conformity with a prearranged plan," and that he has several times before used the same tactics to advantage. 50,000 refugees, crowding to escape from the Crimea, bely the words. All signs point to a "strategic retreat" by General Wrangel that, when it is successfully completed, will find him in much the same position as Germany's on November 11th, 1918. Kornilov, Kaledine, Kolchak, Yudenitch, Denikin, Mueller and now Wrangel: can France produce another for the series, or will the Krassin-Lloyd George peace supplant these futile interventions?

THE settlement of the British coal strike which the government and the miners' leaders have patched up does not really settle very much. It has the advantage of giving each side enough whereby to claim a victory. The leaders urge acceptance, the miners may show different views in their ballot. The exact text of the rather complicated compromise has not reached this country. So much is plain: the miners win their demand for an immediate increase of two shillings a day, and in return pledge themselves to help increase production. A National Wages Board is to be set up and melt down the piled up increases in wages of the last few years into some rational basis. The arrangement also includes a sliding scale of pay based upon the output and the profits as well. Are the miners represented on the board? And what reason may they have to believe that its decisions will be better respected by the government than the repudiated Sankey award? And at any rate, the powers of the board will not suffice to settle the real problem of Great Britain's coal. Nationalization still hangs like a thundercloud on the horizon, even if the storm of this strike blows over. Mere knowledge of American coal problems is insufficient equipment for Americans who attempt to explore the mysteries and details of the British coal situation. Over this complex terra incognita Mr. R. H. Tawney's article on another page of this issue sheds great illumination.

THANKS are due to the Nation for printing the first translation in this country of d'Annunzio's Constitution of the Free State of Fiume. It is a very informal and original contribution to a large collection of monotonous documents. Our revolutionary forefathers would scarcely have understood it, and certainly not approved. But what would d'Annunzio think of a romance by Thomas Jefferson? This Constitution is a romance in itself. The Regency of Fiume promises to its citizens poetic rights guaranteed by no other nation. It "seeks to instil into the daily life a sense of that virtuous joy which ought to revive the spirits of a people liberated at last from the yoke of restraint and falsehood." The citizens are divided into ten corporations, according to profession or trade. The ninth "comprises all sea-faring people." The tenth corporation is what most men of wit and learning will aspire to belong to, for it has "neither art, nor number, nor title. Its coming is expected like that of the Tenth Muse. It is reserved to the mysterious forces of the people in toil and attainment. It is almost a votive figure consecrated . . . . to the complete liberation of the spirit over pain and agony, over blood and sweat."

THIS constitution does not enthrone material things. Fiume will give the soul a well-deserved position. The New State "must above and beyond all its principles resolve to defend, preserve and champion its unity, its freedom and its justice in the Kingdom of the Spirit." Other sections as poetically phrased show this plan—it is only that at present—to be a charter of old liberties in new terms of beauty, music, art, generosity. A vague but buoyant philosophy guides it, and confuses it too, so that the final impression remains a strange mixture of picturesque hope and lyric unreason with small concern for form or substance. If such a constitution were ours, any interpretation of it would require a Supreme Court composed of Percy Mackaye, Henry Van Dyke and Robert Underwood Johnson.

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The Republican Victory

IN electing Senator Harding to the Presidency by an overwhelming majority and in commissioning the Republican party to take over the government of the country, the American people have acted in response to an irresistible impulse. For widely varying reasons in the case of different classes of voters the Wilson administration and the Democratic party had provoked deep and wide-spread hostility. Under the two-party system it could express itself with maximum effect in only one way —that is by voting the Republican ticket. Its acknowledged existence has chiefly determined both the nature of the campaign and the selection of the two major candidates. The Democrats nominated Governor Cox because, although he was a good party man and occupied a strong personal position in an essential state, he was not too closely associated with the Wilson administration. The selection was a confession of weakness. The party asked its candidate to appeal for a renewal of its mandate to govern the country, while at the same time insinuating that a vote for Cox was not equivalent to a vote in vindication of President Wilson. The Republicans nominated Senator Harding because they confidently expected to ride back to power on the tide of anti-Wilson feeling and because they preferred in that event a negative to a positive candidate. The decision, whatever its other imperfections, was based on a sound political calculation. The fluid independent vote, which supported Wilson in 1916 and whose shift to Republicanism elected Senator Harding voted "No" rather than "Yes." He owes his success chiefly to people who disregarded their misgivings about him and the Republican party in order to express their want of confidence in President Wilson and the Democratic party.

Voters who are sharply opposed to Senator Harding and his party may nevertheless regard the return of the Republicans to power by virtue chiefly of negative votes as a probably useful evil. Considering the place which that party has occupied in our political life since the Civil War and the large percentage of the educated and well-to-do American citizens who call themselves Republicans, certain clear and substantial advantages will result from the election of Harding. In the existing tangled condition of our national affairs the party which most completely represents American business and culture should assume the responsibility of unraveling the tangle or cutting out of it. The American people will learn more from the results of Republican success or failure than it would from the results of Democratic success or failure. They will learn more because, in the case of the Republicans, success or failure will have a more illuminating effect on the behavior and the morale of the party. The block of Southern states which constitute the substance of the Democratic party is impervious to experience. It votes the Democratic ticket without any regard to the record of the party, the personality of the candidate or the issues of the election. One Democratic state convention in the South recently repudiated the League and refused to endorse Wilson, yet supported Cox and Roosevelt. A party which can publicly advocate two contradictory propositions at the same time may, if wielded by a strong man, have the unity of a sledge-hammer but it can never have the unity of a moral group. No doubt this characteristic of the Democracy tends to congeal Republicanism into an equally impenetrable lump. Yet the tendency does not completely prevail. The Republican party enjoys the vitality of a high rather than of a low organism. It still needs in order successfully to function the conscious voluntary cooperation of many minds and many groups upon a common program.

This characteristic of the Republican party gives a peculiar interest to its assumption of power as the result chiefly of negative votes and at a moment when a world-wide convulsion has disturbed the old balance of social and economic power. It has always claimed to be the more national party in the sense of being the party which was more capable of adjusting the national organization and policy to the fulfillment of the prevailing national purpose. It was in this sense the national party from 1860 until 1908 just as the Democrats were in a similar sense the national party from 1800 to 1848. But after 1908 different groups of Republicans disagreed as to the nature and the scope of the readjustments which the fulfillment of the national purpose then demanded and their disagreement split the party. A reunion has subsequently taken place. The great majority of the Progressives who followed Roosevelt in 1912 voted for Harding in 1920. But the two factions have reunited not by discussing and settling their former disagreement but by ignoring it. The question which their success on last Tuesday poses for the Republicans is this: Can they after this insincere treatment of their past differences and in view of the unstable and unprecedented social and economic condition of the country, again become in the same sense that they were from 1860 to 1908 the more national party? If they are so capable, they will succeed in adjusting the political and economic behavior of the country to the realization of its formative democratic ideal. If they are not, their new assumption of governmental responsibility will reveal their want of cohesion and will result in a desirable

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realignment of public opinion and a reconstruction of parties.

It would be presumptuous to predict the success or failure of the Republicans to adjust the policy and the organization of the nation to the novel economic conditions and popular demands. But one prophecy is fairly safe. They will not make the adjustment and qualify again to play the part of a formative national party without an introductory period of dissension and fermentation. During the campaign they succeeded pretty well, if not in concealing, at least in overriding their actual and latent differences. But once they assume power and are obliged to substitute concrete decisions for vague patriotic formulas, these differences will force themselves to the surface. Republicans obviously do not agree as to the policy with respect to the League of Nations which American national fulfillment demands, and the selection of any specific course will inevitably injure party cohesion. They are probably more agreed upon the necessity of intervention in Mexico than they are upon any other one subject, but even on this matter, there is a considerable minority who will oppose a war fought in the interest of economic imperialism; and if the Republicans follow their manifest bent in this particular matter they may well commit from the point of view of their own future power not merely a costly but a fatal mistake.

They have an equally difficult choice to make and an equally dangerous error to avoid in moulding their economic policy. Their traditional policy of discriminating in favor of industry instead of agriculture and of considering all imports except necessary raw materials as inimical to American national prosperity has clearly become the policy of a privileged faction rather than that of American business as a whole. Yet its advocates are powerful and they will not yield without a bitter and a prolonged fight. The party faces a similarly dangerous predicament with regard to its labor policy. A concerted attack on labor unionism is about to begin. Its perpetrators will fall back on the "open shop" for its war cry and they will demand the connivance, if not the support, of the ruling party. Even if they fail to get what they want, their aggressive anti-unionism will raise issues about which the Republicans cannot take any action without provoking ugly dissensions.

This want of positive intellectual cohesion in a party which, as we have said, cannot get along without an effective community of conscious conviction, will bring one of two results. It may preserve its harmony at the expense of its efficiency and either fail to act at all or else maintain a precarious existence by weak compromises. Or it may under the influence of an unconscious compulsion allow itself to be captured by the more aggressive faction in the party. The Democrats who found themselves in an analogous position before the Civil War with respect to slavery adopted these two alternatives in succession. They first tried a policy of weak compromise until more positive action became imperative and then, when they had to deliver something, they yielded to the will of the more aggressive faction. But by so doing they forefeited the allegiance of the Douglas Democrats and furnished the middle western support which Republicans needed in order to become a national party. The Republicans are as ill-prepared to deal with the issues of today as the Democrats were with slavery. Under the leadership of a man like Senator Harding they may well drift by a similar route into the power of a similarly irreconcilable faction. The new President will prefer harmony: but he will not know how to get it. At some time he is likely to succumb to the pressure of the more articulate, enterprising and self-conscious group within the party. That group is the reactionaries. They are numerous, powerful and energetic and they know what they want. The progressives are less numerous, less self-confident and less united. In returning to the party they have in every essential respect capitulated, and their capitulation deprives them of influence and moral authority. If they propose to reassert themselves they will have to follow the course which Douglas adopted in relation to the Kansas-Nebraska act. They will be obliged at least for a while to break out into open warfare against the ruling faction.

The Republican party will suffer, perhaps irreparably, from such a contest, but its advent is really necessary for the wholesome clarification and unfolding of American national self-consciousness. The lack of moral and intellectual cohesion in the triumphant Republican party is a reflection of the lack of moral and intellectual cohesion among the educated, the prosperous and the capable fraction of the community. That class does not know any more than the Democratic party knew in 1850 how to adjust the national organization and policy to the fulfillment under radically changed economic conditions of a democratic purpose. Yet in spite of this disqualification it is obliged as the ruling class in the community to make the attempt and if it fails, to expose the full measure of its obsolescence. During the next ten or fifteen years one of the two things will happen to it. As the class which claims to be the spokesman of the American national point of view, it can hardly avoid the association more explicitly than it has in the past of the national idea either with a conscious readjustment of the balance of political and social power in America

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or with a conscious opposition to such readjustment—that is with progressivism or conservatism. At present it contains so many heterogeneous ingredients, so many contradictory ideas and so many irreconcilable interests that, if it wishes to rule the country, it must somehow purge itself. The election of Harding, after a campaign in which vague formulas and phrases were used to conceal the want of common positive conviction in the Republican party, will accelerate and facilitate the operation of the purge. That is sufficient under the circumstances not to excuse his victory or to validate a vote in his favor, but to justify a progressive in regarding the result with a comparative lack of dissatisfaction.

The Verdict on the League

A GENERAL taking of stock is in order. What are the gains and the losses of almost eighteen months' debate about the Treaty? Each person must cast up the account now in order to arrive at an intelligent estimate of what lies ahead. Here is the way the results appear to us:

Gains

Recognition, as a result of the long debate, that the settlement arrived at in Paris is not in accord with the principles professed by the Allied governments or agreed to in the armistice. This recognition is fundamental to the formulation of a constructive foreign policy.

Abandonment by the supporters of the Treaty of the original idea that America would become the guarantor of the settlement. Strikingly illustrated by the Spencer-Wilson controversy.

Notice to the European governments of American refusal to guarantee the enforcement of the terms of the settlement, obviating future disappointments and charges of bad faith.

Consequent restoration of the possibility of disinterested participation in world affairs. The popular decision against enforcement of the Treaty (under Article X, etc.) means that American participation will take place, if at all, as an independent member of the League, rather than primarily as a member of an alliance of victorious Great Powers.

The collapse of the sinister project for a special triple alliance between France, Britain and America.

The demobilization of war psychology, as a result of the substitution of free discussion for conditions and judgments nursed by censorship and propaganda.

The collapse of the dangerous project of a Holy Alliance against Russia, at least to the point where active war by America has become impossible.

The formulation by Mr. Root, in his address of October 19th, of terms on which America can enter the League of Nations without accepting any obligation to employ force, moral or physical, on behalf of the settlement arranged at Paris.

The existence of this definite program providing a platform on which all friends of a league of nations can consistently and honorably unite.

Losses

An extreme reaction against idealism in international affairs, bringing with it the danger that the lessons of the costs of the war may be forgotten.

An eruption of extreme selfish nationalism, appearing in several of the Lodge reservations; in demands of an aggressive nature towards Latin-America; in a fiercely competitive attitude towards other nations.

A series of insulting utterances by responsible politicians against European peoples, which seriously affect the future friendship of peoples.

Profound confusion in the attack on the Treaty resulting in much indiscriminate hostility to those ideas which are fundamental to any league of nations as well as to those ideas which are peculiar to the Treaty of Versailles. e. g. "supergovernment," and "six to one" and much of the talk about "sovereignty" and "domestic affairs."

Discreditable unwillingness by both candidates and both parties on purely vote-catching grounds to define their own position clearly.

The possibility that the irreconcilables are so much over-committed by their public speeches, that in order to seem consistent they must remain irreconcilable opponents of any league—rather than of the league in so far as it guarantees a vicious treaty.

The distracting of attention from urgent domestic questions.

The over-simplification of argument which is characteristic of all public discussion, but peculiarly disadvantageous in a question so intricate as that involved in the relation of America to the world.

There will be disagreement, of course, on whether the net result is gain or loss. There is no telling at this moment, for what is done in the next six months will determine. There is as yet no decision, for both candidates refused to state an issue on which there could be a clear-cut referendum. Instead of a decision there is balance of forces of the kind described above, and the business of every one is to see that the final decision rests on the gains rather than the losses of the debate. How is this to be done?

There have appeared in the last year or more several kinds of irreconcilables. There was the Democratic irreconcilable who insisted on the guarantee, the Republican irreconcilable who opposed this League, the Republican irreconcilable who opposed any league, and the independent irreconcilable like the New Republic which favored a league but opposed a league to enforce the peace of Versailles. The election of Mr. Harding as well as the position taken by Mr. Cox at the close of the campaign has settled the question of guarantees. There can be no American guarantees of the

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Treaty, for Article X is rejected by America.* *This is a radical change in the whole position.* And after this verdict by the American people, irreconcilable opposition to the League can come only from men who are irreconcilably opposed to any league. That is a wholly reactionary position. For the verdict against guarantees meets every real liberal objection to the ratification of the Treaty. On the basis of that verdict, embodied in a reservation, it is possible for America to enter the League of Nations as a free agent whose only interest and whose only commitment is the peace of the world.

To take any other position today seems to us inconsistent with the state of the facts. There are people who do not care how inconsistent they are with the facts, provided they are consistent with their own dogma. Now it was the New Republic's dogma from 1914 to 1919 that the world war could end only in a victory for mankind if it was concluded by a just and stable peace cemented by a league of nations. With the publication of the Treaty, the New Republic was forced to conclude that the character of the peace was such that it would disturb the world if enforced. From May of 1919 the New Republic has therefore stood irreconcilably against the ratification of the Treaty which contains the Covenant of the League of Nations on the ground that the whole value of American participation in the League would be engulfed by American obligation under the Treaty. It has now been decided by the election campaign that America will not accept the obligations of the European settlement. The New Republic, on the basis of that decision, sees no further ground for irreconcilability by American liberals. The danger today is not what it was in May of 1919, the danger that moral independence within the League will be lost. The danger today is from the excesses of those who will try to secure, not an independent position within the family of nations, but a privileged position outside.

* It is worth recalling that Article X was not a part of the original conception of a League of Nations, as formulated, for instance, by General Smuts and Lord Robert Cecil; also, that the New Republic has opposed Article X, not *because,* it would guarantee, but *for what* it would guarantee. An Article X that guaranteed a good settlement is a very different thing from an Article X that guarantees a bad one. Under the circumstances, it is an academic question whether or not America could best serve the peace of the world by guaranteeing even a moderately good settlement. Our guess is that it could not. For a settlement that was thoroughly good in 1930 might be thoroughly bad in 1940. Even so, had the settlement been passable, the New Republic would have accepted Article X as the price of a league. Fortunately or not, that choice was never available, and presumably never will be.

Why Wait Until March 4th?

TO Woodrow Wilson the overwhelming victory of Mr. Harding presents an opportunity for bold action. A first step would be to summon Congress into session. The second step would be to request Secretary Colby to resign his office. The third step would be to submit to the Senate, as nominee for the office of Secretary of State, the name of Warren G. Harding. And the final step, following ratification of Mr. Harding's name by the Republican Senate, would be the simultaneous resignation from office of both Mr. Wilson and Vice-President Marshall. Thereupon Mr. Harding, being next in line of succession by virtue of his post as Secretary of State, would become President, not on the 4th of next March, but within a few weeks after his overwhelming victory in a popular election.

It is a course of action which seems bizarre only because no President has ever followed it. In his recently published memoirs the former German Ambassador to this country indicates that in 1916 it did not seem bizarre to Woodrow Wilson. This, says Count Bernstorff, was actually the course which Mr. Wilson had made up his mind to follow, in the event of the election of Mr. Hughes. There seems to be good reason for believing that the President had concluded that the international situation required the immediate accession to power of an administration shown by popular ballot to possess the confidence of the country, that he had consulted his Attorney-General in respect to his plans, and was prepared to risk the precedent.

If this course seemed wise in 1916, how much wiser does it not seem in 1920? The international situation is still acute. Europe—the whole world—awaits the definite action of America. And—what was not the case in 1916—the President is a stricken man. Only a small cult of partisans so bitter that they have made of anti-Wilsonism a complete religion, could have steeled themselves successfully against sympathy when they read of the President's most recent effort to act as leader: his reception of Mr. Hamilton Holt and other pro-League Republicans at the White House. The President is broken in health, bereft of reserve power. The immediate summoning of Mr. Harding to office, instead of the pitiful effort to carry great burdens through another winter, would give the President his best chance to recover strength, to gird himself for other battles of the future in which he still may be a captain. Could Mr. Harding refuse acceptance of the summons? With what grace could he refuse to install that

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Republican administration for which the country has voted, on the ground that not until next March would he be "ready"?

The election of this November has turned upon Mr. Wilson as the issue. Whatever the efforts of Mr. Cox to make an issue of himself, of his devotion to the League, or his flexibility concerning it, either for or against endorsement of Mr. Wilson's administration was the way the country cast its votes. Perhaps that was the inevitable result of an administration lasting for eight years, particularly one so filled with great events and so dominated by a great personality. And Mr. Wilson, though he may well believe that huge funds enabled his opponents to distort facts in the campaign, though he may suspect the caprice of those who simply tire of a leader because above all else it is "a change" they want, can nevertheless give most realistic evidence of his faith in popular referendum by calling to power without delay the new leader who comes triumphant from the polls. In default of that action we shall have the spectacle of a completely repudiated administration, directed by a fallen leader, attempting listlessly and irresponsibly to drag itself through a winter which should see the initiation of important action.

But aside from the question of Mr. Wilson's illness, aside even from those pending matters whose decision requires an administration with the mandate of fresh victory, this course of action is important in itself for the precedent it would establish. The Constitution of the United States is not a flexible instrument of self-rule. Occasionally the action of a single man, when that action finds generally popular support, can amend the Constitution to the needs of a new day. Whatever considerations led the fathers to interpose a period of four months between the election of a President and his accession to office—for one thing, the slowness of stage-coach travel in 1787—have lost their real validity. In countries most approximating democratic rule, the choice of a new leader immediately means that leader's assumption of power and responsibility.

In the eight years in which he has been President, Woodrow Wilson has shown no fear of establishing precedents. It is not primarily because this November finds him in ill health, nor even because of decisions ahead which only a new administration can make, but particularly for the chance of establishing a precedent valuable to democracy, that as frequent followers of Woodrow Wilson's leadership and constant respecters of his courage we look to him hopefully for so bold an act of statesmanship.

Hunger Strikes

"I EXPECT six months' imprisonment," Miss Sylvia Pankhurst is quoted as writing to Lenin. "I have considered the hunger strike, but I am afraid that the weapon has been destroyed, since the Government is letting the Irish hunger strikers die."

Seeing who Miss Pankhurst is, a declared revolutionary who is being sent to prison for sedition, this abandonment of the hunger strike is undoubtedly significant. Her attitude, if the statement is authentic, is apparently dictated by practical calculation. So long as her government did not dare to let its political prisoners die, so long as it released them under the Cat and Mouse act immediately their health gave way, she appears to hold that the demonstration was worth the trouble; but the moment the government makes up its mind to take the penalties of letting prisoners die, the weapon is destroyed, because, she implies, there are no serious penalties. The hunger strike, in other words, is a bluff. It is not a bluff in the sense that its declarants do not mean to carry it out. It is a bluff in the sense that it dares the government to violate the humane sentiments of the public. The government that summons up nerve to violate those vaporous sentiments can, in her opinion, get away with it, and the value of the hunger strike is gone forever.

Everything turns, of course, on this question of fact as to the shock to public opinion. If it be true, as Miss Pankhurst seems to assume, that the death of hunger strikers does not outrage social conscience, the weapon is certainly destroyed. But the right test of its efficacy is surely the effect on social conscience, not the readiness of a government to open the doors of its prisons. The hunger strike is essentially not a combative weapon lifted against the particular fact of imprisonment. It is not, in essence, a petulant refusal to take punishment. It is an effort on the part of political prisoners to induct public opinion into the prison-cell, to instruct public opinion that the process of imprisonment has not met the issue raised by their defiance of the law. The hunger strike, in a word, is a new device in the history of political protest. It is the prisoner's effort to reach a higher tribunal than the tribunal that condemned him. And he stakes his life on his confidence in the righteousness of his appeal.

At first sight it may appear that the hunger strike has failed as a weapon of political protest when the assailed government has been allowed by public opinion to hold its prisoner to the bitter end. The weakness of public opinion at a particular

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juncture is not, however, a sure sign that a new resolution has not come to form under the crust of the public's apparent indifference. In the integrity of the prisoner's will there inheres an ineradicable criticism of the policy with which he collided and to which the mortal part of him succumbed. The public may not accept the criticism or even understand it. But the fact that a man can sustain his attitude of political protest up to the point of death—and not merely one man, but many—gives to the protest an incalculable depth and poignancy.

How can a government be so sure that is was right to set out on suppression in the first place? That is the question which the non-abandonment of the hunger strike arouses. And we all know that when such a question could be quickly formulated by public opinion, as in the case of woman suffrage, the efficiency of the hunger strike was entirely indisputable. The British government was not mad enough to let the hunger-striking suffragists die.

Against the hunger strike as a political weapon there is much to be urged. Aiming as it does to appeal to the people as against the temporary representatives of the people, it depends for much of its effect on the height of its purpose, its dramatic character as a protest and also on the simplicity and clarity of the political principle involved. Where the purpose is not high and the principle not clear and simple, the public is likely to remain hesitant; and where the climax is long anticipated, the shock is lost. The prisoner is no more committing suicide by undertaking a hunger strike than a soldier commits suicide by throwing away his life in the field; but the inhumanity of the power he opposes can only be palpable if the public tribunal to which he appeals is informed as to the kind of revolution he seeks, and feels the irresistible arguments for it, and realizes the horror of the process of death by starvation.

Defective as this weapon may be, however, it is capable of dealing a vital blow to a sufficiently undemocratic government. Although a weapon of revolution, it is a weapon that offers no cruel injury to the body of society and proposes nothing that cannot be duly regulated by social conscience. In a country where the representatives are not debauched, it offers a protest upon which they can be expected to act considerately; and in the event of their declining to yield to it they can at any rate meet the difference between themselves and their prisoner with something besides blind opposition. The state that breeds hunger strikes, it may fairly be said, is not in satisfactory partnership with its own people. The man or woman who goes on hunger strike may indeed have been justly imprisoned, but the burden of proof is on the government that has aroused this peculiarly stubborn and courageous protest, and that proof should be forthcoming in a form that throws out the hunger striker's appeal against the state.

For the state to stand pat under these circumstances is merely to necessitate other forms of revolution. Unless we conceive of the state as a bully that is at liberty to substitute force for ideas, we must demand pertinent ideas from it when it is confronted by fierce political antagonism. We can never tolerate its effort to meet a hunger strike with parrot-cries of its own "law." The very point in question is its own law. The modern state must do something better than lock up its principled opponents and drive them to one of the most horrible forms of death imaginable.

The hunger strike never has been, and never will be, the weapon of ordinary criminals. There is no social leverage possible for the ordinary burglar or forger who refuses to take his food, and he knows it. He knows that his refusal to eat does not in itself entitle a prisoner to consideration—only when it can bring the grounds for his imprisonment into immediate question. Knowing that the grounds for his imprisonment cannot be brought into question, the ordinary prisoner does not embark on that terrible and tragic protest which has been devised by the political prisoners. The political prisoner, unlike himself, has an appeal beyond the state to the group from which the state derives, though even this appeal has no pertinence except when a stupid or tyrannous government has taken to locking up its revolutionary critics instead of facing them. This the ordinary prisoner apprehends, and he leaves the hunger strike alone.

The immediate future of the hunger strike is, of course, uncertain. Few men or women will set their feet on a road that leads to such horrible death, even though in principle they deny the right of the state to meet their opposition with imprisonment. But whatever the future of the hunger strike—whether it is destined to end now or to be renewed in this country or even in an Ireland that imprisons Ulstermen—we decline to believe that the martyrdom of its exponents will go unappreciated. The world may have no very clear gospel of change. It may make no easy provision for revolution or revolutionaries. But it does, with its own variations of place and people, enshrine the men and women of supreme moral courage. By letting hunger strikers die, no government settles the issue that led to their hunger strike. On the contrary, the issue becomes imperishable.

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Recognition of Mexico

IT is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the issues involved in the negotiations that seem about to lead to the recognition of Mexico. If the Wilson administration succeeds in effecting a just and stable settlement of the Mexican question it will have established its place in history as a powerful factor in the movement for world peace, whatever becomes of the Covenant. But for the steadfast opposition of President Wilson, we should almost certainly have invaded Mexico, on one occasion or another. We are not a people patient of the inevitable bloodshed and destruction of revolution, the ebb and flow of revolution and reaction, the factional chaos, the public flaunting of egoistic ambitions. We expected despotism to give way to constitutionalism almost overnight, and business to go on as usual. And when our expectations were defeated, we felt something of a moral obligation to go in and hold the ring while the opposing parties struggled for mastery in civil fashion. That predisposition of the American people to misjudge the revolutionary process was something a relatively small group eager for loot and power could play upon. Another President might easily have been beguiled into taking the first step that would have set us definitely on the road of intervention, subjugation, imperialism, which would never have stopped abruptly with the southern border of Mexico. President Wilson's Mexican policy may have erred in details, but it has left us uncompromised with imperialistic projects, free to work for international peace with clean hands.

If the Mexican government is given recognition and the matters at issue—mostly property claims—are settled, or a working machinery for their settlement provided, Mexico will be safe against intervention, whatever the spirit of the next administration, provided that she maintains internal peace and keeps her promises. The Republicans are planning for a long tenure of office. They are not going to commit the folly of plunging into a war of naked aggression. Only a humanitarian pretext, or a pretext of national honor would excuse a war on Mexico in the eyes of the voter. But responsibility for the future does not rest entirely upon Mexico. The Wilson administration must share the responsibility, until it has effected a settlement which leaves no handle to interventionist propaganda.

Mexico ought to validate, and according to Mr. Pesqueira, is ready to validate, all property interests lawfully acquired by American nationals. There are a great many questionable interests, however, that have sought to employ our State Department as an instrument for compelling their validation. There are certain damages inflicted upon Americans in the course of the revolutionary epoch for which Mexico ought to pay, and according to Mr. Pesqueira, is willing to pay. But a huge volume of invalid claims will inevitably be presented. Much therefore turns on the details of our policy. Is our State Department going to follow the precedents of the old diplomacy, and get for our American claimants all that it possibly can, without any close regard to the justice of their claims? Or will it join in creating an efficient machinery for the impartial weighing of all claims, with a view to securing strict justice and nothing more? It has now an opportunity of reestablishing a new standard of honor in the relations between a strong Power and a weak.

That, however, is not the most important aspect of the matter. The present Mexican government looks stable, but it is not so stable that acceptance of palpably unreasonable terms of settlement might not shake its hold on the Mexican people. There is a fair prospect that the present government may order its finances well enough to meet its just international obligations. Mexican finance could not, however, support the burden of claims inflated so scandalously as the Boxer claims against China. It might be possible to compel Mexico to promise much under threat of turning the whole Mexican tangle over to the next administration. But to make Mexico promise more than she could fulfill, or ought to fulfill, would be tantamount to turning the matter over to the next administration.

President Wilson has been a true friend of the Mexican people. If they retain their sovereignty unimpaired, it will be because President Wilson never wavered in his respect for it. His work is, however, incomplete. It may prove in vain, unless the pending negotiations are pressed to a conclusion not only just in principle, but fair in detail.

The New REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1920, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS, CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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The Temper of the Country

WHEN men can think of politics again without a yawn, the historian may turn back to 1920 with a lively interest. Why was it, he may want to know, that Cox talked about Harding, Harding talked about Cox, both talked about the League, and neither talked about the country. Were they a pair of heavy villains? Or was the public just indifferent enough not to mind having the campaign centred several thousand miles from home? What was the temper of the country?

Several thousand business men undertake an answer to that question, in an eighty page report published by Harris, Winthrop & Co., bankers, of Chicago and New York. What was the country interested in? To "the intelligent and thoughtful business men" Harris, Winthrop & Co. sent a questionnaire. Bankers, merchants and manufacturers were on the mailing list. A great number of them, no less than 4,310, sent in replies. They represent uncalculated power and prestige. Packard Cars and Lucky Strikes, Carter's Ink and Coca-Cola —here in this academy of immortals are the captains of that host of travelling salesmen who populate the Pullman cars and ordinarily carry the burden of interpreting America to the Americans. Now it is the captains themselves who speak. It is worth while to listen.

Who is alarmed about the spread of Bolshevism? Well, Mr. W. H. Clarke, for one. Mr. Clarke, President of the Quaker City National Bank, Philadelphia, envisages "a maelstrom of bad times, discontent, hatred towards the capitalists, socialism, and finally Bolshevism." And in this warning many of his business colleagues join. How many? You might expect them all to join—when you stop to think how substantially most of them were involved in steel and coal strikes, how often they have seen Red Peril in the headlines, in the moving picture thrillers, magazine fiction, and the divinations of oracles like Speaker Sweet and Mr. Palmer. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Clarke and those who join with him are far in the minority. Mr. J. E. McLoughlin, President of the Mohawk Valley Cap Co., reports that the only agitators who still trouble Utica, N. Y., "consist principally of the idle rich and those who have nothing to do, and the political economists or theorists who think they are called upon to reform the world"; Mr. William F. Baxter, President of Thomas Kelp & Co., Omaha, believes the threat of Bolshevism is "everywhere a much exaggerated matter"; and other business men, in points as far apart as Hartford, Cincinnati and New York, specifically agree with him. As for the poll of the entire list of business men upon this question—

Consider the inquiry as Harris, Winthrop & Co. put it to their correspondents. "Have you observed," they asked, "or *heard of* any organized effort to promote radicalism, communism or Bolshevism in your section?" Hearing was enough. Harris, Winthrop & Co. did not ask their four thousand business men whether they had ever come closer to a radical, a communist, or Bolshevik than hearing of one, ever had one in their employ, ever read a piece of incendiary literature, found it in their shops, had an ultimatum to surrender or a brick thrown through a window pane. They simply asked, of business men who have been reading newspapers and breaking strikes, how many had ever "heard of" efforts to promote radicalism, etc. And not one business man in three replied he ever had.

The poll is even less creditable to the town-crying of Messrs. Sweet and Palmer when you understand how, in their questionnaire, Harris, Winthrop & Co. define this radicalism, communism and Bolshevism. They group, in a single none too cohesive lump, the Anarchists, the Socialists, the I. W. W. and the Communists. They throw in, for good measure, the Farmer's Nonpartisan League of North Dakota. The Interchurch World Movement has somehow been omitted, along with the Young Men's Christian Association, the Independent Order of Odd Fellows and the Daughters of Rebecca. But it is interesting to note that about half of those business men who have "heard of" any radical activity whatever, have "heard of" the activities of the Socialist party and the Farmers' Nonpartisan League. The I. W. W. makes a fairly respectable showing. But the Anarchists and the Union of Russian Workers come off badly. Not one business man in forty has ever heard of the doings of either one of them.

To be sure, the inefficiency of labor is getting worse and worse. A majority of these business men agree about that, even though they do not attribute it to radical conspiracy. Efficiency may pick up again, say some of them, when wages fall a bit. Or hours lengthen. As Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, of Garrison, N. Y., puts it: the eight-hour day has "given the laborers of all classes, and to their women, two more hours a day in which to spend, thereby adding to their unthrift, extravagance and consequent dissatisfaction." If laborers and their women were shut up a little longer, of course there would not be this waste. Well, the fat is in the fire. We have given these people two hours more

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of daylight in which to waste and frolic, and we must accept the consequences. But what a lot the world could save if shops and factories ran till after dark, and then there were no shows and movies.

Of course, a better turn may come. Perhaps. But there is always unionism to be reckoned with. It seems to Mr. F. P. Lyons, Manchester, N. H., as if "this country at the present time is in the hands of labor agitators, politicians and fruit peddlers." Mr. A. B. Farquhar of York, Pa., manufacturer of farm implements, is equally impressed, though somewhat philosophic. Recognize the unions and you allow "outsiders who have no interest in your business and may have some interest in destroying it, to come in and direct it"; aside from that he has "nothing to say against the theory of unionism." Mr. F. S. Terry, President of the Terry Packing Co., Columbia, S. C., reports "most thoughtful business men have come to the conclusion that labor unions should be outlawed and strikes prohibited." And Mr. W. E. Robinson, of Bel Air, Md., wants laws against men organizing "for the purpose of in a concerted way leaving their jobs"—though he believes "laws that undertake to control prices are in violation of the spirit of all the laws that this nation has attempted to make for a century."

But it is by no means all so gloomy. If the inefficiency of labor is getting worse, if trade unionism is running wild, there nevertheless remains a little shaft of sunlight. For one thing, a majority of these four thousand business men report that generally throughout the country an increased tariff would be favored. That is a crumb of comfort. Moreover, a majority also reports that wages at least are stationary; that the farmers have sold their crops this year as they matured, instead of holding them for higher prices; and that credit at the banks, in most sections of the country, is readily obtainable at fair rates. Finally, as concerns those two particularly strategic matters—taxation and the railways—there is the very best of news.

Why business men of large importance should be interested in taxation, and particularly in its prompt reduction, it isn't hard to see. But how about the average men and women who are on a wage? Are these people as interested in having the tax on unearned incomes whittled down, the billions of excess profits left untouched? Do they want, in place of income and excess profits taxes, to have the government reach out more energetically for the wages of labor and the modest earnings of fixed investments?

It looks that way. "The people of the country," reports Mr. A. D. Andrews, of the Royal Dutch Co., "are *gradually becoming educated* to understanding the fact that many of our present difficulties, including the high costs of many articles, are due to unwise and excessive taxation." The process of education has been slow and irksome. There were certain stubborn facts to be overcome: the fact, for instance, that prices rose most sharply before the excess profits tax ever was conceived of, and least sharply when the excess profits tax was at its highest. But apparently the campaign of education has made progress. Even with the wage earners? Yes. The wage earners are apparently hot for a reduction. Wage earners included, does the public want income taxes reduced, excess profits taxes abolished altogether? Yes, say 2675 of these business men. Only 128 say no.

Finally we come to the question of the railways. And there is as much unanimity here, apparently, as there is about the question of reducing taxes. It seems that the railways haven't much to boast of. Seventy per cent of the business men reporting to Harris, Winthrop & Co. agree that railway congestion is "still acute." (Paralysis resulting from the additional equipment bought by government funds during the war period?) In any event, it would seem that despite the present inefficiency of the roads, the public is by no means sceptical about the wisdom of scattering railway equipment to the four winds of private competition, or guaranteeing profits by an increase of rates. Does the public, Harris, Winthrop & Co. ask, seem to be "resigned to the advance in rates"? And does it prefer a "private management under which it patiently hopes for an improvement in service"? Yes! say 3756 business men. Just 134 say no. As publics go, this one is good-natured.

Well, it elected Harding. And the "protest vote," respectable though it was, came a long way from being a majority. Perhaps in their judgment of the country's temper these 4310 business men are guessing right. Would any public, other than one ready for the slaughter, have been imposed upon so cheerfully in the campaign? Those historians of future years who turn back to 1920 will find the Harris, Winthrop & Co. brochure a valuable document. Only, they will have to be on guard against one danger. Perhaps they will sense that danger, when turning the pages of this booklet, they find the Hon. Wm. F. Samford, of Montgomery, Ala., reporting the sentiment of his section "largely in favor of a League of Nations"—and Mr. F. S. Ball, of the same city, describing the attitude of the same district towards the same question, convinced that "the people are largely in favor of the United States attending to its own problem and not becoming bound by the League." That great business men are only human ("simian," Clarence Day calls it), with a human lack of objectivity, would be one observation of the wise

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historian. Like carpenters and editors, they are beings who will often make their wish a father to the thought. From the way the Hon. Mr. Samford is sure his neighbors want the League, and Mr. Ball is sure they don't, an historian may be able to guess how almost all of these 4310 business men can be so sure their neighbors want a reduction of taxes on rich incomes, want profits guaranteed to private railways by high rates that seem to mean high prices. A report from 4310 great business men may reveal, after all, not so much the temper of the country as the temper of 4310 great business men. What would a report from 4310 coal-miners show? 4310 ex-barkeepers? 4310 barbers?

Harding was elected. Was the country satisfied with the campaign? There is one realist in this galaxy of 4310 great stars. He is Mr. C. S. Kelty, Vice-President of the Lumbermen's Trust Co., Portland. His part of the country, he believes, has not worried much as the campaign progressed. It appears, in fact, to have been "devoted principally to motion pictures, baseball, prize fights, automobiles, dress, murders and divorces."

CHARLES MERZ.

Art and Politics

MR. ROGER FRY, by means of an instructive tale, has shown us that in their dealings with art Bolshevik politicians remain true to type. Like the rest of their breed, they have no use for it unless they can exploit it to their own ends. For my part, I was never so simple as to suppose that, if the de facto government of Russia professed admiration for Matisse and Picasso, that admiration had anything to do with the artistic gifts of either of these painters, any more than that the respect with which the British government treats the names of Raphael and Michel Angelo should be taken to imply that any single one of His Majesty's ministers has ever experienced an aesthetic emotion. Consequently, I was not at all surprised to learn that the sure, though unconscious, taste of the statesman had led the rulers of Russia to reject their first loves; that instinctively they had divined that both Matisse and Picasso were too much like genuine artists to be trustworthy; and that they had, therefore, transferred their affections to the thin, pretentious, and fundamentally academic work of Larionoff, which should, I fancy, be just the thing for advanced politicians.

Some time ago, however, before Picasso was found out, a young Russian aesthete, so Mr. Fry tells us, was licensed by the competent authority to pronounce that artist's eulogy, on the understanding, of course, that the lecture should somehow serve as a stick wherewith to beat the opposition. Nothing easier: Picasso was pitted against Renoir. Picasso was a great artist, because, abstract and austere, he was the man for the proletariat; whereas Renoir, who painted pretty pictures for the bourgeoisie, was no earthly good. The lecturer, as might have been expected, was out even in his facts: for Renoir—who came from the people by the way—might, were he less of an artist, by means of the taking and almost anecdotic quality of his earlier work, give some pleasure to a working man; whereas Picasso—the son of middle-class parents too—could not possibly win from an honest laborer, left to himself, anything but sarcastic laughter or ferocious abuse. But even if true, the lecturer's facts would have been beside the point. To say that a work is aristocratic, or democratic, moral or immoral, is to say something silly and irrelevant, or, rather, silly if meant to be relevant to its value as art. In the work of Renoir and of Picasso and, indeed, in all works of art, the essential quality, as all sensitive people know, is the same. Whatever it may be that makes art matter is to be found in every work that does matter. And though, no doubt, "subject" and to some extent "attack" may be conditioned by an artist's opinions and attitude to life, such things are irrelevant to his work's final significance. Strange as it may seem, the essential quality in a work of art is purely artistic. It has nothing to do with the moral, religious or political views of its creator. It has to do solely with his aesthetic experience and his power of expressing that. But as no politician is capable of appreciating, or even becoming aware of, this essential quality, it is, perhaps, only natural that politicians should look elsewhere for the significance of art.

This painful but certain fact once grasped, it becomes possible to understand several things that have considerably puzzled critics and historians. For instance, it is often remarked, and generally with surprise, that progressive politicians are commonly averse to new movements in art. The attitude of the present Russian government to the contemporary movement makes neither for nor against this view, for that novelty it took over as a going concern. Let us see how it looks on the next, which will be very likely a return to the tradition of Ingres. The example usually cited by exponents of this theory,—that progressive politicians are reactionary in art,—is the notorious hostility of liberals to the romantic movement; but I believe that were they to study closely the histories of the Impressionist, the Pre-Raphaelite and the Wagnerian movements, they would find in them, too, evidence on the whole favorable to their case. Be that as it may, this theory, which once seemed paradoxical,

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quite loses its fantastic air when considered in the light of our discovery. Had art anything to do with opinion, it would be strange, indeed, if new art were ill-received by those who like their opinions new. But as art has nothing whatever to do with such things, there is no more reason why a radical should like new forms of art than why he should like new brands of tea.

The essential qualities of a work of art are purely artistic; and since politicians, if not too coarse by nature, soon make themselves so by practice, to apprehend these, they must, unless they can leave art alone, seek its significance in what is unessential. Progressive politicians, who have a way of taking ethics under their wing, and even conceive themselves the active promoters of good, are apt to seek it in morals. One might have supposed that a message was to be found as easily in new forms of art as in old. But, unluckily, new forms are to most incomprehensible. And, though to a hardened sinner here and there what is incomprehensible may be nothing worse than disconcerting, to him who seeks good in all things and is constantly on the look-out for uplifting influences whatever disappoints this longing is positively and terribly evil. Now a new and genuine work of art is something unmistakably alive and, at the same time, unprovided, as yet, with moral credentials. It is unintelligible without being negligible. It comes from an unfamiliar world and shakes a good man's belief in the obvious. It must be very wicked. And the proper reaction to what is wicked is a blind fury of moral indignation. Now blind fury is blind. So no one could conceivably be much worse placed than the political moralist for seeing whatever there may be to be seen in what is strange and subtle.

We are in a position now to clear up another difficulty, which has distressed so deeply the best and wisest of men that to get rid of it some of them have felt justified in tampering with the truth. If art had anything to do with politics evidently art should have flourished most gloriously in those ages of political freedom which do us all so much credit. The necessity of this inference has been felt strongly enough by liberal historians to make them accept without demur the doctrine that the age of Pericles was the great age of visual art, and repeat it without mentioning the fact that in that age an aristocracy of some twenty-five thousand citizens was supported by the compulsory labors of some four hundred thousand slaves. The truth is, of course, that art may flourish under any form of government. It flourished in the Athenian aristocracy and under the despotic bureaucracies of China, Persia and Byzantium. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries it flourished under the feudal system, and in the fifteenth amongst the oligarchies and tyrannies of Italy. On the other hand, neither the Roman republic nor the Roman empire gave us anything much worth remembering; and no period in French history has been less fruitful in art and letters than the first republic and empire. There was Ingres, of course: but the period on the whole was singularly barren, and it may be just worth remarking that at no time, perhaps, has French art been so academic, professional, timid and uninspired as in the first glorious years of the great revolution.

Here there is nothing to surprise us. But what does, at first sight, seem odd is that art should apparently be indifferent, not only to political systems, but to social conditions as well. Barbarism or Civilization: it is all one to art. Old-fashioned historians, who had a pleasant, tidy way of dealing with the past, used to plot out from that wilderness four great periods of civilization: the Athenian (from 480 B. C., to the death of Aristotle, 322), the first and second centuries of the Roman empire, Italy in the fifteenth and early sixteenth century, and from the end of the Fronde, 1653, to the Revolution. For my part, I should be inclined to subtract from these the Roman period, and add, if only I knew more about it, the age of Sung. But, accepting, by way of compromise, all five, we find that three,—the Greek, Chinese, and Italian—were rich in visual art, whereas Rome was utterly barren and the eighteenth century not extraordinarily prolific. To make matters worse, we see in the dark and early middle ages a steady flow of first-rate art from societies more or less barbarous, while lately we have learnt that black and naked savages can create exquisitely.

Are we, then, to assume that there is no connection between art and civilization? I think not. A connection there is, but, as was to be expected, an unessential one. The essential quality in art is invariable, and what gives the Parthenon its significance is what gives significance to a nigger's basket-work box. There is such a thing as civilized art, but its civility lies in adventitious and subsidiary qualities—in the means not in the end. It seems to me we do mean something when we say that Phidias, Sophocles and Aristophanes, Raphael and Racine, Molière, Poussin, Milton, Wren, Jane Austen and Mozart are highly civilized artists, and that the creators of the Gothic cathedrals and the author of the Chanson de Roland, Villon, Webster, Rembrandt, Blake, Wordsworth, Emily Brontë, Whitman, Turner, Wagner and the Congolese fetish-makers are not.

But, whatever it is that we may mean, assuredly we do not mean that one set is superior to the other. They differ widely; but they differ in the

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means by which they compass the same end. It is absurd to argue that civilization is either favorable or unfavorable to art: but it is reasonable to suppose that it may be the one or the other to a particular artist. Different temperaments thrive in different atmospheres. How many mute, inglorious Miltons, Raphaels and Mozarts may not have lost heart and gone under in the savage insecurity of the dark ages? And may not the eighteenth century, which clipped the wings of Blake, have crushed the fluttering aspirations of a dozen Gothically-minded geniuses and laughed some budding Wagner out of all idea of expressing his ebullient personality?

It is possible to speak of civilized or uncivilized art and mean something by our words; but what we mean has nothing to do with the ultimate value of the work. And, in the same way, there may be an unessential connection between art and politics, though more remote and unimportant still. As I have explained too often already an artist, before he can create effectively, has got to work himself into a passion; by some means he has got to raise his feelings to the creative temperature and his energies to a corresponding pitch of intensity. He must make himself drunk somehow, and political passion is as good a tipple as another. Religion, Science, Morals, Love, Hate, Fear, Lust, all serve the artist's turn, and Politics and Patriotism have done their bit. It is clear that Wordsworth was thrown into the state of mind in which he wrote his famous sonnets by love of England and detestation of France, by fear of revolution and longing for order; but how much patriotism or constitutionalism has to do with the suave beauty of those harmonious masterpieces may be inferred from the fact that "hoarse Fitzgerald" and Mr. Kipling are quite as patriotic and even more reactionary.

Among painters David is the conspicuous example of an artist—a small one to be sure—intoxicated by politics. David set out as a humble, eighteenth century follower of Fragonard. But the revolution filled his poor head with notions about the Greeks and the Romans, Harmodius and Aristogiton, Cornelia and the Gracchi, sic semper tyrannis and Phrygian caps. And his revolutionary enthusiasm changed the whole manner of his attack on that central, artistic problem which never, in any style, did he succeed in solving. But the influence of this new style was immense, and paramount in French painting for the next forty or fifty years. It is to be noted, however, that David's great and immediate follower, the mighty Ingres, who frankly adopted this style, redolent of all republican virtues, was himself one of the most virulent reactionaries that ever lived.

And that, perhaps, would be all that needed saying about Art and Politics, were it not that at this moment the subject has an unusual importance. Movements in art have, more often than not, been the result of an extraordinarily violent preoccupation, on the part of artists, with the unessential and insignificant.

David rescued painting from the charming and slightly sentimental disorder of the later eighteenth century by concentrating on Roman virtues and generals' uniforms. The romantics freed themselves from Davidism by getting frantically excited about a little hazy nonsense rather unfairly attributed to Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott. From this the Impressionists escaped by persuading themselves that they were men of science. And against this my contemporaries set up a conscious aestheticism, slightly tinged with certain metaphysico-moral doctrines concerning the cowiness of cows and the thing in itself. With cubism conscious aestheticism holds the field, for the cubist theory is, in the main, aesthetic. That is one reason why I cannot think that there is any great future for cubism. An artistic movement is unlikely to live long on anything so relevant to art; for artists, it seems, must believe that they are concerned with something altogether different. Wherefore, I think it not improbable—indeed, there are indications already—that, political progress having in the last few years somewhat outrun civilization, and the new democracy being manifestly hostile to art and culture, artists will take to believing passionately in what they will call "order." If so, in the name of Napoleon and Louis XIV, but, let us hope, with the science and restraint of Poussin and Ingres, they will turn, most likely, to the classical tradition; and, while endeavoring to create significant form, will assert vehemently that they are expressing their political convictions.

CLIVE BELL.

Upper Air

High, pale, imperial places of slow cloud,
And windless wells of sun-swept silence . . . Sense
Of some aware, half scornful permanence
Past which we flow like water that is loud
A moment 'gainst the granite. Nothing here
Beats to the quick deed that we left below;
That was a flame; this is the soul of snow
Immortalized in moveless atmosphere.

Yet we shall brood upon this haunt of wings
When love, like perfume washed away in rain,
Dies on the years. Still we shall turn again,
Seeking the clouds as we have sought the sea,
Asking the peace of these immortal things
That will not mix with our mortality.

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

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England and a Free Egypt

IRELAND, Egypt, India—these make a trinity of accusing names only too familiar in the ears of an Englishman in the United States. Ireland at this moment stands for unmitigated tragedy. But India, after the horrors of 1919, is on the eve of a noteworthy experiment in constitutional change; while in respect of Egypt we now have the draft agreement made in August between Lord Milner, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Saad Pasha Zaghlul, leader of the Egyptian Nationalist party. Here is an astonishing thing among imperial documents and the simplest way of making its significance clear will be to summarize, as briefly as may be, the movement of Egyptian affairs as transformed by the war.

The critical event of the British period was the proclamation of the protectorate. It is to be supposed that those who, in December 1914, decided upon this step were not fully conscious of what they were doing. It was precisely this event which turned the freedom of Egypt into a simple, practical issue. The protectorate was, and naturally had to be, accepted by the Egyptian people as a war measure. But as a matter of permanent arrangement it was clearly impossible. More than thirty years of agitation and of growth, accompanying the economic transformation wrought under British direction, decreed that Egypt could not permanently be held subject to British dominion.

The anomaly of Egypt's international position at the outbreak of the war was extreme. Nominally the country was still Turkish. The Khedive, at that time visiting Constantinople, was an hereditary official of the Ottoman empire. Technically, therefore, Egypt was neutral, although from the beginning the Egyptian Ministry acted as though it was definitely with the Allies. When Turkey entered the war, the British government made known that Egyptians would not be expected to fight against fellow Moslems. As a matter of fact, Egyptian troops assisted in repelling the Turkish attack on the Suez Canal, and fought in other parts of the East. When the protectorate was proclaimed the Khedive was deposed; a new titular ruler was chosen and given the title of Sultan. He proved to be a man of no force or worth, and the British authorities made matters worse by recognizing this poor creature's infant son as heir to the nominal throne.

The new protectorate was governed under martial law; but it was not in a military sense that Egypt was mainly to feel the burden of the war. In 1915 came the first calls for recruits to the Labor Army which, in its immense size and variety, was to prove a unique development of modern warfare. There was at first a ready response. The pay was good; and the Egyptian fellah, an excellent earth-worker, saw a chance of material gain for his family. But as the war lengthened out and the Eastern theatre expanded, the demands grew stringent. Egypt was required to furnish a monthly quota of many thousands until (or so the Nationalists asserted, though the figure is hardly credible) a million men had been recruited for the Labor Army by methods of compulsion which aroused deep resentment. Further, continuous tribute was levied on the country (mostly through harsh and corrupt local agents) of grain and vegetables, animals and every sort of supplies that the Nile Valley could be made to yield to the armies. Needless to say, this necessitated a military régime of the strictest kind, while in no country was the censorship more sternly and completely applied.

With the signing of the armistice the pent-up waters burst forth. The air, as we all rather wistfully remember, was ringing with cries of freedom and self-determination. Within two days of the armistice the High Commissioner received a nationalist deputation headed by Saad Pasha Zaghlul. It submitted a formal demand for the withdrawal of the British and recognition of the complete independence of Egypt. Obviously, Sir Reginald Wingate could do nothing but refer the matter to England. Next, Rushdi Pasha, prime minister during the whole period of the war, was forbidden to carry the Egyptian case to London. He resigned, and for some months the country was without a ministry. In March, 1919, Zaghlul Pasha and his colleagues, now constituted a delegation to plead the cause of Egypt at the Peace Conference, were arrested and deported to Malta. Thereupon, the country rose in revolt. The movement was extraordinarily fierce and was accompanied by the inevitable outrages. It was suppressed by measures which have not been fully described to the British people, but have, naturally enough, been painted in the darkest colors by Egyptian speakers and writers in Europe and America. The British people, in the main, have been led to believe that the outbreak was confined to the large cities. Only through the full and candid writings of Sir Valentine Chirol, a cautious conservative imperialist, have they learned, and quite recently, of the extent and gravity of

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the uprising. General Allenby, then in Paris, was sent to Cairo as special High Commissioner with full powers. His first act, after the restoration of order, was the release of the Egyptian delegation, and a relaxation of the severities of martial law responded to by a popular demonstration of rejoicing which will long be remembered in Egypt.

But the suppression of the rebellion did not end the troubles of last year. All accounts agree that the idea of independence had swept the multitude and entirely possessed the national mind. An unexampled epidemic of strikes raged through the country. It seemed that every occupation and every community in Egypt was sharing in the excited expression of the national will. Allenby succeeded in pulling the country round, but it was abundantly plain that the end of a chapter had been reached. The simple truth is that England was served by her Egyptian officials with a blindness and unintelligence almost unbelievable.

The next stage was marked by the appointment of the Milner Mission. The choice of the leader seemed an invitation to trouble. A quarter of a century ago, Lord Milner was a revenue official in Egypt, and his South African record was a heavy handicap. The Nationalists made it brutally plain that the Mission would be unwelcome; and their attitude underwent no change even when Allenby returned from London furnished with pledges of a liberal constitution. The articulate part of the people demanded simple independence, and as the Milner Commission had nothing to say to that demand, the cry of "God crush Milner!" was raised, and the word went round for a boycott of the Mission. The boycott was systematically enforced, every possible effort was made to persuade villagers and other people not to give information. The Mission grew accustomed to having its appearance in a place accompanied by an outbreak of disorder. But it persevered, and at the close the fact became known that Lord Milner and his colleagues were in favor of going a long way beyond the point which would have seemed the limit of possible concession before the war.

In the meantime, however, the comedy of the delegation was being played through. Zaghlul Pasha and his associates were barred from the Peace Conference, and, in consequence, as might have been expected, the Egyptian delegation in Paris became an animated centre for the dissemination of anti-British propaganda. A great deal of easily avoidable mischief was done—all the more regrettable because of what was to follow. When the Milner Mission was engaged upon its report, Zaghlul Pasha was invited to London to confer. We are given to understand that the conferences could not have been more cordial than they were, and they were remarkable for the rapidity with which the terms of the draft agreement were settled. Shortly stated they are as follows:—

The protectorate is to be abolished and the independence of Egypt is to be recognized. Egypt is to have full control of her foreign relations while being guaranteed by Great Britain from external aggression; she is to appoint diplomatic representatives and be entitled to membership in the League of Nations. All the British departmental advisors are to go, including that pivotal officer, the Financial Advisor. British officials leaving the service are to be compensated, those remaining to be the direct employees of the Egyptian government. The army of occupation is to be withdrawn, with the exception of a small force (say 2,000 to 3,000) stationed at points for the guarding of the Canal. The Capitulations (special treaty provisions regulating the privileges of foreign residents) are to be abolished, if the other Powers concerned can be persuaded to agree with the British proposals.

I am greatly mistaken if the average American reader, going over the provisions of this document, should feel disposed to assert that they do not imply a scheme of national freedom to all intents and purposes complete. This at any rate may be positively said: if they should be confirmed by Parliament and put into effect by the British government, they will stand as a charter of freedom such as up to now no people called "subject" has secured from any imperial government in the modern world. The draft, however, suggests a number of difficult questions, and in particular the following: (1) Will this withdrawal and grant of self-government satisfy that large section of the Egyptian people which, like the Sinn Fein, has made absolute independence its aim? (2) Will the powerful financial and industrial interests long established in Egypt consent to the withdrawal of the army and the transfer of the entire administration to the people of the country? (3) Can the decision of England as to the ending of the Capitulations avail to secure the assent of the Powers, a score of which are involved in the elaborate system which keeps the foreign residents and traders in separate enclosures of law and privilege?

As to the first point: the draft agreement is a decisive success for Saad Pasha Zaghlul, who has achieved in a few years a more notable triumph than has fallen to any political leader in India even after a lifetime of effort. The Egyptian Association in Paris had already gone on record for rejection of the scheme; but the draft amounts to so much more than could have been regarded as possible in Cromer's time, or in Kitchener's, that it

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would seem almost certain a predominant part of responsible opinion on the Left must be won over. The second question, of course, takes us to the root of the modern subjection of Egypt. The control of the Nile Valley has been for fifty years directed by the international bondholders. They unquestionably, with the people involved in the newer industrial enterprises, some of the most important in the East, cannot fail to regard the Milner scheme with misgiving, or dismay. As for the Capitulations, the situation is one of extreme complexity. The foreign mercantile communities have, since the beginning of the modern period, enjoyed singular and very valuable privileges. They escape taxation of the immense wealth which Egypt yields them. They are subject to the jurisdiction of the consular courts. What chance, it is asked, is there that France and Italy will be prepared to give up rights on behalf of their nationals secured to them by generations of treaty-making, merely because England, at the end of forty years' occupation, is convinced that those rights ought to be surrendered? Should England be able to carry the point the result would be a significant triumph for Egypt. But if not? It is perfectly well known that there exists in the country a considerable number of people whose political thinking is entirely bounded by the idea of political independence. To these the Capitulations present no difficulty. They would be willing for them to remain if only the British occupation were ended. But such an issue would seem to be almost unimaginable. At any rate, even if practicable, it would most assuredly not mean a happy beginning for Egypt, the first time in many centuries, along the road of independence. It could indeed lead only to many kinds of difficulty and trouble.

We cannot, however, hope that a decision so momentous, a scheme so surprising in its courage and promise, can be completed and put into effect without encountering serious difficulties. The great thing is that it should have been devised and given to the world as the embodiment of England's purpose in relation to a people which had almost lost the memory of national freedom. It comes, we may say most happily, at a moment when English policy and the English name are entangled in a morass of futility and confusion in the Middle East. And it should have the effect, not only of removing from the Moslem world a great cloud of suspicion and greatly heartening those who are working for a pacific solution in India, but also of proving that the ideas and principles which in the long run find embodiment in the imperial policy of Britain are those decreed by the better mind of the British people.

S. K. Ratcliffe.

What is Happening in Germany

OF all the great socialization schemes in Germany, of all the plans of democratic control of industry by the workers, not one has been embodied in law. Long memoranda on socialization have been written, there has been much talk about workers' control; but beyond the public ownership of a few electric light plants nothing has been done. That is the net result of observations made upon a trip from which I have recently returned.

The Socialist parties of Germany are in process of decomposition. The Majority Socialists are no longer Socialists. They had lost their influence even before the armistice. The Independents through their fumbling allegiance to old formulas, the Sparticides through their amateurish recklessness, have missed opportunities for leadership. The official journal of the Majority Socialists, Vorwaerts, is afraid to urge socialism for fear of losing governmental standing; the columns of the Freiheit, the organ of the Independents, are still given over to the question: "Who was responsible for the war?"; the official paper of the Communists—Die rote Fahne—is crammed with theoretical discussion on the dictatorship of the proletariat. The influence of the political revolutionary parties is gone. With it has gone the dream of nationalistic socialization.

In the midst of this wreckage only the Trade Union Movement preserves its vitality. The hope of the working class in Germany lies in the particular type of Workers' Council that is arising, not out of the action of the Reichstag, but directly out of the trade unions themselves.

It is important to distinguish between the sham councils designed by the government in the law of 1920 and the real councils which the rank and file have forced on their trade unions in defiance of the government and against the opposition of their own trade union officialdom.

In January and March, 1919, there were sporadic strikes in the Ruhr, Saxony, Upper Silesia and finally in Berlin, against the do-nothing policy of the government. The strikers demanded the socialization of industry and explicit provision in the national constitution for the control of industrial establishments by workers' councils. The government put these strikes down with machine guns. These were the great days of Noske, the socialist minister of defense. Three thousand workers were killed in Berlin alone. The government, however, was momentarily intimidated. Provision for workers' councils was incorporated in the constitution. But in the months following the constitutional convention, the influence of the captains of industry

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grew in Wilhelmstrasse, that of the proletariat waned.

When the workers' council law, called for by the constitution, was introduced in the Reichstag in December, 1919, the idea of workers' control had been emasculated. One of the foremost leaders of the Socialists in discussing the law with me significantly remarked: "In the beginning our employers thought that we intended to take something from them. That was never our intention."

While the law was in its third reading, crowds of workers gathered before the Reichstag and were again dispersed with machine guns. It was after the rank and file had been disillusioned as to the intentions of the government that they took refuge in their own trade union organizations and went to work to set up councils by plants and industries on their own initiative and in conformity with their own ideas.

The character and promise of these rank and file councils will appear most clearly against a background of the government's pseudo councils and the combination of forces that designed the latter. The law of January, 1920, was a product of the Arbeitsgemeinschaften, the German analogue of our National Civic Federation.

The Arbeitsgemeinschaften functioned before the defeat of the German armies through an understanding between the representatives of the central federated unions and the manufacturers' associations. Their character and aim were interpreted by the general manager of the iron and steel manufacturers' association, Dr. Reichert, as follows:

> The situation was clear on the first day of October (1918). The question was: Can industry be saved? How can the Industrialists be safeguarded from the menacing socialization, state ownership and the approaching revolution?

The manufacturers saw that the government of Prince Max von Baden was too weak and that the trade unions were the only real power in the country. This is why Dr. Reichert said:

> A tremendous influence is possessed only by the organized workers. From this we concluded: In the midst of great uncertainty, on account of the wavering powers of state and government, the strong ally for industry can only be among the workers, that is, the trade unions.

Dr. Reichert admitted that it was not to the liking of the employers to close an alliance with the trade unions. But no other way was left open to them. "The sacrifice must be made." Such forces designed the workers' councils law of January 1920.

The law of 1920 gives to the workers practically no control and prohibits the councils from making public any information considered confidential by the employers. Its interpretation by the manufacturers illustrates the spirit in which it was put into practice. Paragraph 71 of the law provides that every employer must make a quarterly report to the workers' council. A circular sent out by a society of iron manufacturers in Saxony comments on this paragraph as follows:

> It is the business of the employer to say in the report only what he holds suitable and right. The report can be made in the same way as yearly reports for chambers of commerce or as the remarks made by the president of a board of trustees to the stockholders at the yearly meetings at which he discusses the events which have taken place during the preceding year as well as the prospects for the future.

But the sham council law of January, 1920, was not a total defeat for the German workers. Taking this law as a start, the rank and file of the trade unions started a movement to unite all manual and intellectual labor in united workers' councils. The law of 1920 provides merely for councils in individual factories. After the law became a fact, the workers issued a call to unite all factory councils of an industry and district in a district council and later to unite all district councils in a national congress of workers' councils. The rank and file councils divide the country into twenty-eight economic districts, the workers into fifteen industrial groups and each industry into a number of subdivisions.

The character of the rank and file council is marked by the inclusion in the organization of workers and officials without reference to which union they belong. They are not soviets but more akin to the factory committees of Russia. The German workers are tired of being divided and desire a central place where they can all get together. The socialist trade unions of Halle a/S. voting on the question whether to admit to the council only members of their trade unions or all employees of the plant decided by a vote of 13,621 against 1,468 to include all. By way of preparing themselves for the assumption of industrial control, the councils have organized classes for training in the technique of production and management. The classes are held in public schools or in places rented by the councils themselves. They have succeeded in securing experts in the different fields of knowledge as teachers.

Trade union officials are opposing this rank and file movement on the ground that the councils will merely duplicate the work of the trade unions. To this the leaders of the new council idea answer that the trade unions cannot perform the functions which the councils have set themselves to perform, although the trade unions are necessary and they want to cooperate with them. But for the control of production and management of the plants new machinery is needed. Besides, the technicalities connected with the election of the officers of trade unions, the long intervals between one trade union convention and another, the craft form of organ-

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ization of most unions (the metal workers and the building trades have adopted the industrial form) and the necessity for an organization to contain all employees of a plant, make the formation of an independent workers' councils organization essential. As a matter of fact, the rank and file councils now in operation are working in cooperation with the trade unions in spite of the hostility of trade union officialdom.

At a meeting in Duesseldorf called for the formation of a council in the Rhenish Westphalia district, I heard one trade union official after another talk against the workers' councils as being merely competitors of the trade unions. They log-rolled and killed time to make it impossible for the real factory representatives to get in a word. They talked over three-fourths of the day although anyone could see from the beginning that with the exception of their own small group of eighteen, the real plant representatives were in favor of rank and file workers' councils. The trade union officials argued that class conscious workers should not admit into their ranks representatives of the yellow and Christian trade unions. To this shouts came from the floor: "If you don't take them in now, we shall always have them against us. There must be an organization which shall contain all the workers, no matter to what trade union they belong." At last a resolution was passed stopping trade union officials from talking at the meeting and giving the floor only to those who were really elected from the factories. In the evening, when the vote was taken, the meeting unanimously, with the exception of the eighteen officials, declared themselves in favor of the immediate formation of a district workers' council.

This new rank and file movement promises to achieve the revolution at which the socialist parties failed. In the Muenz Strasse, Berlin, headquarters of the movement, the five provisional officers recited to me the phases the idea has gone through. With one exception, Ernest Daumig, they were all metal workers. They were the men who organized the first strikes of 1917 against the shifty compromise of the majority socialists, just as they had been the vanguard of every workers' movement during the war. Themselves members of the Independent Socialist party, they have broken away from dead formulas and have maintained a critical attitude toward all socialist parties. They are not master minds, but they are vigorous representatives of the modern type of German workers,—young men with ideals but not bound by dogmas, with flexible minds ready to compromise on non-essentials but adamant on the main issues, men with their feet on the ground who are paving the way for a true democratic revolution.

Richard Mueller, in his slow deliberate way, began the story of the past years of war and civil struggle. "The rank and file council idea," he said, "originated in the hopeful November days of 1918. It sprang spontaneously from the sound instinct of the masses who sensed the approaching bankruptcy of Prussian-German militarism. At the start, however, it was clear that whereas the instinct of the masses was alone sufficient to give the movement its first impulse, it was not sufficient for carrying out the idea. For that a practical technique and a critical point of view were necessary. For in spite of their war experiences, their suffering and their many disappointments during their four and a half years of martyrdom, the German workers lacked the necessary critical point of view."

While Mueller talked, the communist, Hermann Brandler, came in. Of all the communists I met, Brandler impressed me as the finest man. Though a hunchback, he controlled a whole army of workers in the Chemnitz district during the Kapp episode. He has character, a trenchant wit, and is a dogged fighter.

Brandler interrupted Mueller to say that only by comprehending the atmosphere of the armistice days would it be possible for me to understand how the councils then established came to give up their own power and vote for a return to parliamentarianism. The so-called leaders of the first councils satisfied themselves with the conquest of political rights, without seeing that political freedom depends upon economic rights. The national political parliament buried the councils. But the bitter fighting of January-March, 1919, in industrial centres, showed that the council idea was not dead. The shifty, do-nothing policy of the government provoked the strikes in the Ruhr, Saxony, Silesia and Berlin. The strikers demanded the socialization of industry, and the incorporation of their idea of workers' councils in the Constitution.

How the government went through the motions of yielding, how again the Reichstag attempted to circumvent the rank and file in the councils law of 1920, I have already explained. But under the guidance of such men as Mueller and Brandler, the rank and file have held and fought through. When I left Germany last August, they had got effective councils going in five of the most important industrial districts of Germany. Since then these councils have spread. They are the life of the democratic movement in Germany; they are rooted in the trade unions. Through them, if at all, a new economic and social order will be effected. They mark the passing of the old socialist parties with their schemes of nationalistic socialization, and the triumph of the rank and file trade union movement.

SAVEL ZIMAND.

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The British Coal Situation

IF—which is improbable—foreign observers of British politics have any attention to spare from Ireland for the government's handling of domestic problems, they may be pardoned if they find its treatment of the coal crisis not much less bewildering, though less tragically wicked, than its campaign of arson and assassination in that country. It has not yet reached the point of burning miners' cottages, though the lessons which it has been teaching His Majesty's forces in Balbriggan and Dublin make one wonder how long it will continue to practice such unnatural self-restraint, and recall the words, "You have an army in Ireland; you may employ it to reduce this kingdom," for which, in the days before Parliament was senile, Strafford lost his head.

Machine guns and bombs are not, however, the only instruments of warfare; and the subtler arts, which formerly were connected with the name of the Press Bureau, have been directed against the miners almost as though they were a foreign enemy. The Prime Minister, who is a little blown upon in England, launches warnings against soviet government on the acquiescent air of his native Welsh mountains, or watering places, or chapels—a mere Englishman may be pardoned for forgetting the latest taste in scenery of so versatile an artist. Respectable papers alternately denounce Mr. Smillie for misleading his members and denounce his members for not following the advice of Mr. Smillie. When the Federation urged that the large profits taken by the government from the coal industry, instead of being used as indirect taxation to relieve payers of super-tax and death duties, should be applied to reduce prices to the consumer of coal, the cabinet, who, if Cromwells in Ireland, are constitutional purists at home, protested that it was "unconstitutional" for workmen to take an interest in the price of the commodity which they produce. When the miners obediently dropped the demand for a reduction in prices and concentrated on that for an advance in wages, they were rebuked for their selfishness by a government which had recently given the mine-owners a legal guarantee for something more than twice their pre-war profits. When they had the audacity to say that they really could not accept lower real wages than before the war, the government demanded that they go before a tribunal, under the impression, apparently, that since it succeeded in averting a strike last year by promising to carry out the decisions of the tribunal appointed by itself, and broke its promise when the strike was averted, the repetition of that ingenious expedient would command enthusiastic confidence.

The prosperity of any highly organized industry depends on mutual confidence and good will, because effective co-operation is impossible without them. And mutual confidence and good will are precisely the qualities which are destroyed by the policy of bribing the mine-owners with large profits and promises of "decontrol," and then pitting the miners against "the community" when the miners protest. The economics of the problem are fairly simple, though candid men may quite reasonably come to different conclusions as to its solution. The system of state control over the coal industry, which was built up during the war, has, with certain modifications, been continued. The essence of it is that the government regulates prices, guarantees to the mine-owners a certain standard of profit by means of a levy on the more profitable mines, and, when that profit has been paid, retains the surplus. In fixing the profit standard to be guaranteed to the owners, it might have been supposed that the government would have based it upon the average profits of the years preceding the war, which, during the period from 1909 to 1913 worked out, when royalties (roughly £6,000,000) are excluded, at an annual average of £13,00,000. In fact, however, that was not the course pursued. On the contrary, the government allowed the mine-owners to choose as the basis the profits of the best two out of three, or best four out of six, of the years before the war, or to substitute for that, if they thought fit, a profit of nine per cent. This meant, in effect, that a profit of £22,000,000 was guaranteed to the mine-owners, or nine millions in excess of their average pre-war profits, and that they paid excess profits duty only upon profits above that figure. On that not insubstantial foundation a more imposing edifice has since been erected. Another £4,000,000 profits has been guaranteed the owners, in addition to the paltry £22,000,000, as interest upon new capital sunk in the interest; in addition to this £26,000,000, which is free of excess profits duty, they are allowed one-tenth of any surplus profits above that figure; while the profits from coke ovens and by-product plants, which are not under the Coal Controller, probably come to something between another £6,000,000 and £11,000,000. The aggregate profits of the mine-owners are uncertain. What is clear is that they have been guaranteed by the government rather more than twice, and must actually be receiving nearly three times, their pre-war profits.

This preposterous arrangement was fought by the miners in the House of Commons earlier in the year, when the legislation on which it reposes was before Parliament. At the present time, however, it is not over the profits guaranteed to the owners, but over the surplus above them received by the government, that the struggle has arisen. Owing to the enormous demand of the continent, exported coal can be sold abroad for famine prices, with the result that the government receives a surplus, the precise amount of which is disputed—the Federation officials put it at roughly £60,000,000, the government at less—but which is known to be large. That such a surplus should be obtained by squeezing the wretched peoples of Europe is economic nationalism run mad, and is a disgrace to this country. No international comity is possible as long as nations which happen to be in a relatively strong economic position use to the full their power to grind the faces of their neighbors. Naturally, however, this government is impervious to considerations of that order. It is anxious to find revenue from sources which are less unpopular than taxation. If, in doing so, it condemns a considerable part of the Continent to pass the winter without fuel, that is merely good business.

The result was a struggle over profits which should never have existed. The government claimed that the whole surplus should go in relief of taxation. The miners argued that this was equivalent, in effect, to indirect taxation upon the users of domestic coal and demanded (a) a reduction in the price of domestic coal by the fourteen shillings, two pence, which the Coal Controller added to it last May, (b) that there should be an advance in wages of two shillings—one shilling and nine pence per day for men, youths

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and boys respectively, on the ground that wages have not kept pace with the advance in prices. The government denounced the first of these demands as "unconstitutional," and the miners, who did not want to strike, dropped it and concentrated their attention on securing an advance in wages. The government then replied that it would not be justified in consenting to an advance in wages unless it obtained guarantees from the miners as to "output." It proposed, therefore, that the advance should be made dependent upon the total output of the industry, wages for men being increased by one shilling when the total output is 240,000,000 tons and by one shilling, six pence, when it is 244,000,000, up to three shillings when the output is 256,000,000 tons.

Industrial disputes are apt to be too technical to be interesting to any one but those engaged in them or to professional economists. In this particular case, however, large questions of social policy are involved. There is the question of how to secure an adequate supply of coal at a reasonable price, of the use to be made of the surplus profits of the industry, and of the future of the policy of "control." The Government's proposals with regard to the first point, emphasizing, as they do, the magic word "output," have an air of plausibility..

But the idea that the energy of the *individual* miner can be increased by changes in wages based on changes in the output of the *whole* industry throughout the *whole* country—that the hewer in Durham will produce more coal for the sake of an advance which may fail to materialize because the hewer in South Wales or the Forest of Dean does not—is, of course, in itself absurd. Whether "payment by results" is good or bad, the very essence of it (as in other connections employers are perpetually emphasizing) is that there should be an exact correspondence between *individual* earning and *individual* effort. One can imagine how the cotton-spinners would greet a proposal to base the wages of the individual spinner on the output of yarn thoughout the whole cotton industry! And that proposal, since the cotton industry is localized in a single county, would be a much more reasonable one. What, again, under such a scheme, will be the relation of wages to profits? Where a "sliding scale" has worked successfully, as in the iron industry, it has done so because its basis—the selling price of iron—was a rough indication of the profits being made. There is no such exact relation between the output of coal and the profits of mine-owners. As a matter of fact, there have been occasions on which it has actually paid owners in the past to restrict output in order to keep up prices!

But these, though sufficient by themselves to discredit the government's proposals, are minor matters. The actual fact, which is decisive, is that the government's proposals assumed that an increased output of coal could be secured merely, or mainly, by increased efforts on the part of the miners, and that that assumption was fundamentally mistaken. The real causes limiting output are of quite different order. They are primarily—apart from the now well known deficiencies of private ownership, such as the loss of 3,000,000,000 to 4,000,000,000 tons in barriers, the "drowning out" of coal because mine owners will not combine for drainage schemes, the "creaming" of the pits and waste of small coal, the appalling waste in distribution—the legacy of the war. Between 1914 and 1918 the equipment of the pits, as was almost inevitable, ran down. Rails, trains, tubs, new machinery of all kinds, could not be got. And since the war these conditions have continued; for the owners have been reluctant to spend fresh capital while nationalization was in the air, and the Coal Controller has taken no steps to compel them to do so. The result is that production is hampered by technical deficiencies which the miners have frequently pointed out, which were emphasized by the experts who gave evidence before the Coal Commission, and which, in spite of both, still continue. It is not suggested, of course, that if there were no absenteeism, or if every miner were intent upon increasing production, the output would not rise. The truth is that the miners themselves find it difficult, under existing circumstances, to preserve their economic morale. A man hews coal, and then has to wait for hours for tubs to clear it. A colliery restricts its output one week because transport is deficient, and naturally the men are not in the mood to increase it the next. They have no power whatever to remove the technical obstacles which hamper efficient production. To propose now that they shall be penalized, because these obstacles, to which they have repeatedly called attention, are not removed, inevitably makes them indignant. From the point of view of the consumer, it is merely playing with the problem. If the government really desired increased output—and increased output is of urgent importance—why did it not at once insist on the equipment and organization of the industry being improved? There is only one answer. It dared not offend the mine-owners. And, in order to distract attention from its subservience to them, it endeavored to concentrate public attention on the alleged "idleness" of the miners.

The deficiencies of the industry were explained at length by Sir Richard Redmayne (himself an ex-director of Collieries) to the Coal Commission, and everything which has since occurred has confirmed his evidence. Behind them, however, lies a larger question, the future relation of the industry to the state. Every observer of the present issue was impressed at once by the rage with which the government and its press met the demand of the Federation for a reduction of fourteen shillings, two pence, in the price of domestic coal. It was not denied that the surplus profits are sufficient to allow of a considerable reduction being made. Why, then, this storm of indignation? Tantaene animis caelestibus irae? One could have understood that the generous nature of the Prime Minister would have rebuked a proposal to *increase* prices. But why should the Protector of the Poor cry and cut himself with knives at the proposal to *lower* them?

It is not for a mere student to be so presumptuous as to explore the mind of Providence or to justify the ways of God to man. But stray whispers from the shrine penetrate even to the Courts of the Gentiles. As one cons the precious syllables, they seem gradually to coalesce into intelligibility. And the word they spell (if these barbarous innovations in our language deserve to be called words) is "Decontrol." For consider the situation. In the last six years miners' wages, which used to vary widely from one coal field to another, have been partially standardized. But standardization has been made possible by the partial unification of the industry introduced during the war, in particular by the levy on the collieries making more than the "standard profits" which is paid to the account of those making less. Thus the extremely remunerative mines of South Wales contribute (to some small extent) to the twelve-inch seams of the Forest of Dean, and the high prices of the export districts assist the coal fields of the midlands. Not only from the point of view of the mine-workers, but of the consumers of coal, complete financial unification (instead of the small measure of unification so

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ment is just as cogent as the German argument for striking in 1914 instead of waiting until her opponents became stronger. That was a very cogent argument, but it led to disaster. And our industrial militants, toasting Der Tag, may profitably try to make certain that their cause is good and the costs not likely to be disastrous.

The price of the products of labor is falling, reducing the capacity of employers to pay high wages. The cost of living is going down, reducing the need of labor for high wages. If it was fair and reasonable that wages should go up when prices rose, why is it not equally fair and reasonable that wages should go down when prices fall? Labor organizations will resist any such reduction in wages; therefore why is it not legitimate to attempt to break their power? Workers might respond to wages cutting by soldiering on the job, if jobs were plentiful. Not, however, if their tenure were menaced by the unemployed, desperately seeking work. This, in brief, is the moral case for forcing the issue with labor at the present time. Let us see how valid it is.

Has the rise in wages since 1914 fairly paralleled the rise in prices? On the average, yes. There was a lag, for a time, but that has since been made up. And if wages in 1914 had been adequate to a decent American standard of living, it would be a tenable position that as prices gravitate towards the 1914 level, wages should do so also. But no competent economist, however conservative, would maintain that wages in 1914 were adequate. At the most modest estimate, over half of our adult male workers received too little for the decent maintenance of the normal family. That is the condition it is sought to reestablish, when it is proposed to cut wages in the same proportion as the cost of living falls. It is a condition that no one who hopes to see America become a healthy and harmonious democratic state can contemplate without dread. For in America, as in the rest of the world, the working class is less patient under distress than it was before the war.

We are not maintaining that no reduction in wages is admissible. Perhaps a new level of wages will have to be found in the course of the price adjustments now under way. What we do maintain is that the burden of proof ought to rest heavily upon every employer who proposes either to cut wages or to restrict his operations. He ought to be compelled to prove to labor and to the public not only that continued operation under existing wages scales is unprofitable, but he ought also to make it clear that his embarrassment is not due to inefficiency of management or failure to keep his mechanical equipment in proper condition. The public, which though neutral, has to share the cost of industrial conflict, has a right to demand that capital and labor consult together openly on ways of meeting the difficulties inevitable in a period of declining prices. And so long as capital, instead of inviting labor into consultation, schemes to break down the only organization existing through which consultation is practicable, in order to fix the terms of employment according to its own arbitrary choice, it is flouting the public, whose sympathies it will later seek to gain.

Capital may feel that it is strong enough to challenge labor, but so long as it persists it treating the readjustment of employment and wages as a matter falling within its own sphere of divine right, it cannot count on the continued support of public opinion, even if at first it wins the public to its side by propaganda. The steel and coal strikes proved that the public could be deluded into siding with employers who had no case, but it also proved that sooner or later the truth would come to light. And capital, if it possesses any statesmanship, will not be content to plan for the initial engagements. It will look ahead not only to next year, but also to the end of the next decade.

Now, can anyone imagine that the forces of unrest, everywhere manifest in the working class, even though not properly organized to win immediate victories, can be capped and contained through a decade by threats of unemployment and wages cutting? And can anyone, knowing the spirit of the working class of today, dream that an army of the unemployed will be a mere convenience to the employer who wishes to beat wages down or speed up labor? Before the war the unemployed did indeed hover patiently about the soup kitchen doors, or wait interminable hours in the bread line. But this is not the same world as it was before the war. And those who have most at stake in the existing order of things will do well to take this fact into account before they attempt to apply antebellum methods of improving the morale of labor.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1920, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS, CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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Russian Impressions

I. Factories, Fields and Food

EVERY whitewashed wall in every Russian town repeats the watchwords of the proletarian revolution in phrase and picture, in satire and command. It was not from these symbols, nor yet from the bountiful literature of propaganda, that its aim and meaning came home to me most directly. I felt it most clearly of all in a factory amid the forests of Central Russia. A long straight cobbled road, rough and dilapidated, like everything else in this primitive land, had led us twenty miles out of the provincial capital of Vladimir, an ancient little town, more venerable than Moscow itself, the very heart and centre of the old Great Russia.*

We had passed two or three villages, some patches of cultivation, a bare heath and a peat-bog, but they seemed mere clearings in the everlasting forest. On the edge of this forest, near the Moscow-Nizhni-Novgorod railway, a vast cotton factory had been built. Through its endless spinning and weaving sheds a man might walk, as the workmen said, "for versts." It held before the Revolution a population of 12,000 employees, with their numerous children. Never have I seen a place which seemed to enjoy so few obvious advantages for its purpose. A Lancashire cotton mill stands near to its coal-pit, not very far from the wharves to which its bales are shipped, in a damp atmosphere favorable to spinning. Here over the sandy soil the air was brilliantly dry. The oil fuel must come from Baku, a thousand miles away; the coal from the Donetz, about five hundred miles distant; the cotton from Turkestan, a good two thousand miles overland. There was, to be sure, a river, deep and not too swift, which should have been navigable, but it was bridged by floating wooden causeways which no barge could pass.

Ask why it was that capital had fixed on this strange site, and there is only one possible answer. The sandy soil is poor. The cultivation is incredibly backward and primitive. The peasants, illiterate, conservative and prolific, could barely feed themselves from their narrow patches of ill-tilled moorland. The cheapness and abundance of their labor was the one attraction which had drawn capital to this place. No trade union was tolerated here before the revolution. Every form of association among the workers, even for purposes of education or recreation, was forbidden. I saw the vast barracks in which they had been housed. Each family had for its dwelling a narrow though lofty cell (one cannot call it a room), lit by a tiny window high up in the wall. Often, as many as seven or eight pairs of lungs inhabited these cells, and the allowance of space was supposed to be seven cubic feet for each person. The factory was well-lit by electricity. There was no artificial light in the barracks, and the sanitary arrangements were unspeakable. One could visualize in these crowded cells the dingy lives of the powerless human tools who had ground out profits for the owners of the mill. The will of one irresponsible man, backed by state, church and police, had ruled the lives of this community. In servitude and degradation it had made wealth for strangers.

The Revolution attained one negative result in its first week. The company which had owned Sobinka vanished like a fiction. The powerful personality who had founded it, fled to some haunt of exiles. The state, with its armed force, stood now behind the workers. Here in this lonely clearing in the forest the herd of workers became a self-governing community. It made plans. It began to adapt its environment to its own ends and needs. It acquired a collective will. As the new manager (a former artisan) and his expert heads of departments recounted its history, the positive meaning of the revolution came home to me. Without training or experience, amid war, civil war and blockade, sometimes half-starved, and often for long months without cotton, grappling with every imaginable difficulty, material and moral, this community had striven, as its own master, to lay the foundations of a human and autonomous life.

Some achievements lay to its credit and in these one may read its purpose. It had installed electric light in the barrack-dwellings, and the pipes lay ready for the introduction of drains. It had created

* These articles are written after a stay of two months in Soviet Russia. I divided my time between Moscow, Petrograd, Minsk (in the war zone) and Vladimir. The last was to me by far the most interesting and much the easiest to study. Half agricultural, half industrial, it escaped the civil war, and is typical of Central Russia. I enjoyed complete freedom in my work, and never found any difficulty in talking *alone* with critics and opponents of the Soviet system. The little Russian that I know was useful, but I had never enough to conduct a political conversation unaided, though I can read laboriously. This handicap is less serious than might be supposed, since so many educated Russians, including all the returned exiles, speak either French, German or English.

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crêches and kindergartens—simple, indeed, but clean and kindly—under qualified nurses and teachers, for all the younger children. The inadequate old school was working "double shifts." By day it belonged to the children. In the evening it was crowded with classes for the youths and the illiterate adults, including nearly 400 women. Six of the technical staff of the mill had conducted classes to instruct the younger men in the science of weaving. A library had somehow been collected, with 900 volumes. A small theatre had been erected, a graceful building of wood, and here an amateur choir, a band, a dramatic club, and a cinematograph —all of them new—gave frequent performances. Plans of real artistic merit had been drawn for new workers' buildings, and the material for their erection lay ready for use. The timber had been cut by the workers themselves in the brief interval o early spring, between Denikin's defeat and the Polish attack, and then the work had stopped, for Sobinka, its population now reduced to about 3,200 active workers, had given no less than 1,200 of these to the Red Army. When the civil war cut off the oil and coal fuel, Sobinka had to resort to the forest and the peat bogs. Eight hundred men without horses (for these had been mobilized) cut the logs and the turf and carried them in handcarts. They were just completing a narrow-gauge railway to the turf-fields four miles away and I saw part of it in use. Much of their energy during the summer drought had been engaged in fighting the continual forest fires, and they had trained a fire-brigade, which gave in my presence a most creditable exhibition of its efficiency. Finally, it should be mentioned (though this was the work of the provincial Soviet), that a corps of engineers, whom I saw at work, even at the height of the Polish war, was replacing the floating causeways with well-built bridges, and the river will soon be navigable.

The chronicle of work is soon told, but emphasize it as I may, it cannot impress the reader as it impresses me. One must have lived in the Russia of today to realize how much contrivance and perseverence it takes to do the simplest piece of constructive work. For the crêches and kindergartens young women who had never seen either, must be trained by instructors, who themselves knew as little some months before. If digging has to be done, you must first make your spade, and usually of wood. That pipes, rails and electric fittings could be provided in a country which before the war rarely made any of these things, implied an economic miracle. I gave to a communal farm a packet of nails and screws which had cost me a few shillings in London. As the men thanked me, they told me that they could not have bought them in Russia with hundreds of thousands of roubles. In spite of all this, the factory at Sobinka had built, and improved its estate. The will to create was alive: the stimulus of freedom was stirring the collective will of thousands who before the revolution had been the passive tools of the owner, the one person who in that place had the power to plan and decide. There are in Soviet Russia hundreds of thousands of men and women, formerly of the middle class, who are needlessly and unjustifiably hampered and cramped. But to the manual worker, the revolution has brought the power to will and act.

The rest of the story of Sobinka is less cheerful. "Have we evicted the mill along with the owner?" I heard one workman say, half in earnest, half in jest. Sobinka depended for its cotton on the supplies of Turkestan, and these had varied with the vicissitudes of the civil war. First the Czecho-Slovaks, and then Denikin had occupied the railways and the rivers, which should have carried its supplies, and even after their defeat, the broken bridges and the wrecked traffic yards had first to be repaired. Months of idleness or short time had alternated with months of work. From April to September, cotton had wholly failed, chiefly, I think, because the railways were busy with military transport. At last, supplies for two months had arrived, and on the day of my visit, all hands were engaged in cleaning and oiling the wonderful machines (among the best in Russia), preparatory to re-starting. An English foreman, a veteran from Lancashire, who had refused all offers of repatriation because he "would not desert the ship in difficulties," told me that spinners and weavers were both skilful and industrious, and I gathered that the discipline of work was now satisfactory, but everyone is on half rations, and for the weakened hands and the tired nerves the old output is impossible. The official reckoning assumes only sixty per cent of the former output as a minimum. A policy of payment by premium will reward anything over this low standard by increments of the money payments which may go up to a tripled wage for a doubled output.

The factory has been promised food rations on the so-called "armored" scale. If that is really available punctually and in full measure, the workers will be adequately fed. But even so, the factory will not yield its old output. The Workers' Council has decided that not more than three persons, instead of the former seven or eight, shall live in each of those cramped cells in the old barracks. That still means, by any civilized standard, gross over-crowding, but the result, until the new dwellings are completed, is that instead of the old 12,000, Sobinka can now house only about 4,800

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workers with their children. At the best it will hardly approach half its pre-war output, and if the army continues to absorb (as it has hitherto done) the whole of the cloth it produces, there remains no margin whatever to pay for the workers' food.

A clever new cartoon caught my eye in Petrograd as I was leaving Russia. On the left of the drawing a big giant of a peasant stood pouring, with lavish hands, a sack of corn into the hopper of a mill. On the right another peasant smilingly received an armful of cloth and boots which came pouring out of the mill. "How to get cloth from corn," ran a legend under the drawing. That in one phrase is the whole of Russia's problem today. The foreign investigator is curious about many things. He wants to assess the gain and loss in the Soviet system. He is curious about the rival politics of Bolsheviks and Mensheviks. He is critical of the dictatorship of the Communist party. He soon learns, however, if he is sensitive to the mental atmosphere around him, that these things are today the concern only of the small minority which is still politically-minded. The politics of Russia turn on only one question, how to break the vicious circle of industry and food. Every expedient has been tried. Somehow to drill or galvanize or bribe the half-fed workers into producing for the peasants more textiles and boots is one possible way, but as soon as the goods are ready, the army claims them. Somehow to persuade or coerce the peasant into lending corn in the hope that better-fed workers will repay the debt in cloth, is another possible way, but again when success is near, it is the army that eats the grain. The problem cannot be solved without peace, nor without the lifting of the blockade. It is mainly a question of external policy. It was one of the ablest of the few leading Communists who said to me: "What can our foreign policy be, but to secure as many railway engines and agricultural machines as possible?"

If it was true this year that food is the question of questions, one fears that next year anxiety may become tragedy. Hitherto, since the revolution, Nature had been Bolshevik, for all Russia had a series of good harvests. This summer came the drought, such a drought as Russia has not known since the famine of 1891. The yield of all crops in Central Russia is about forty per cent of the normal. In the Eastern Ukraine, the standing corn was literally burned by the sun. The survival of the towns depends on the few regions, all distant, and all inclined to be disaffected, where the harvest has been good—the Kuban Cossack District, the West Ukraine, and further Siberia. These catastrophes need not occur, if agriculture were even moderately scientific.

I saw one experimental farm belonging to the Vladimir Soviet, which from the usual sandy soil under the same rainless skies, had reaped the best harvest for seven years, thanks mainly to deep ploughing. The Bolsheviks have turned all the tremendous resources of their machinery of agitation and education to the task of teaching the peasant some of the first elements of good cultivation. But the distance to be travelled is immense. Arthur Young, at the end of the eighteenth century, was horrified at the prevalence of the three-field system in England and France. Round Vladimir I found that the usual scheme of cultivation was a two-field system. Half the soil lay fallow every year, and the fallow field was not even weeded. Beans and turnips, lucerne, and even clover, were almost unknown. Potatoes and cabbages were the only common crops, besides the staple grain and flax. The sandy soil was only scratched upon the surface, and when drought came the crops were starved. It came in the tropical heat of this rainless summer like a scourge. I saw ripe flax that stood little more than a foot above the ground, and over the dry forest there hung an endless pall of smoke. Even the cut turf would sometimes catch fire. Of one fact let me remind the reader who thinks of Russia as a grain-exporting country. The surplus came solely from the Ukraine, the Volga valley, the Caucasus and Siberia. Central and Northern Russia were never at the best of times self-supporting, and it is only over these regions, which always have, and always had, a food deficit, that Bolshevik rule has been uninterrupted. Their problem was to feed a country which never in Tsarist days had come near to feeding itself.

It is hard to give an accurate and objective account of the degree in which the Soviet government has succeeded in spite of war, civil war, and blockade, in feeding Central Russia. My own view of this, and indeed of the whole economic problem, is more favorable than that of most English visitors. It happens that I am used to black bread, and like it, and I found the Russian workman's staple dish, "kasha" (any porridge of buckwheat, millet, oats or barley) both nourishing and palatable. But I have heard a kindly English labor leader describing "kasha" as food fit only for animals. There is some truth in a retort which Radek made in my hearing, "You Englishmen think that you are starved unless you have fish to breakfast." By English standards the condition of Russia is certainly appalling, but so it always was, if one takes the lot of the working-class into account. My own rule was to ignore English standards entirely, and

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to compare Russia with blockaded Central Europe as I saw it last year. Allowing for the fact that Russia was always less orderly, less civilized and vastly poorer, the comparison was on the whole to the advantage of Russia.

To be sure, Petrograd looks at a first glance like a dead city. Grass grows literally in the streets, and I even saw a wild flower here and there. Hamburg quays in the latter years of the war were in the same condition. Petrograd was in the industrial sense always an artificial creation. It depended on sea-borne English coal and American cotton. Its decay began long before the revolution, and it is lucky that only about 600,000 remain of its former two million inhabitants. The mortality must have been heavy, but on the whole, most of the vanished population has returned to its native villages. The city looked unspeakably dreary with its closed shops, and its deserted streets, while the pitiless northern light revealed the crumbling stucco and faded paint of its grandiose Italian palaces. Its fate, I imagine, is to be a northern Ghent, a superb architectural monument to a vanished past. It will begin to recover, as the chief port of the North, only when trade is resumed. Its harbor has been renovated this summer, but no ship has entered it.

None the less, Petrograd, stricken first by the German and then by the Allied blockade, is less pitiable than Vienna, though it has lived solely by "self-help." It has a capable and rigidly honest food administration. Speculation in food has been wholly suppressed, which means that the whole available supply can be bought at the nominal Soviet prices. A "Soviet" loaf costs two roubles, which is nothing at all, with wages ranging from 2,000 to 8,000 roubles a month. The "speculative" loaf of black bread costs 400 roubles in Moscow, which has a much less efficient local administration. In both cities there is a free dinner available for every citizen, man and woman. The menu may be scanty and the cooking to my notions was usually bad, but there were millions last year in Poland, Austria and even Germany, who would have rejoiced at a diet of cabbage soup, barley "kasha," a roast apple and a glass of tea, even once a day. I had grown familiar with the drooping gait, the lagging steps, the gray skin and the white lips of the crowds in Vienna streets. I noticed nothing of the kind in Moscow, or even in Petrograd. Men and women walked immense distances in both these scattered cities, for the electric "tram" cars were overcrowded and infrequent, but they tramped for the most part sturdily enough. Nor was that only my own impression. I met both Germans and Austrians in Moscow who all remarked on the obviously better physical condition of the Russian workers as compared with their own. Above all, the children in Russia are on the whole happy, and even relatively well-fed. Of the great constructive achievements of the Bolsheviks in education, I shall write in a later article. Let me say here that in Russia there is no parallel, nor even a distant approach, to the tragedy of child life which is the worst of all the plagues of Central Europe.

Nor was it only in the matter of health and food that Russia seemed to me more fortunate than Central Europe. Transport is still the gravest of Russian problems. There might, with the best management, be just enough locomotives in Russia to deal with the indispensable civilian traffic. There are not nearly enough to conduct a war on two fronts, and to serve the cities as well. There is indeed a steady if slow improvement. There was in February only one "healthy" locomotive for every twelve versts of the railway system. Thanks to the tremendous efforts of the repairing shops, there was, in August, one sound engine to every eight versts. The pre-war standard, however, was one engine to three versts. This problem then is still far from its solution, and no great change is likely until the Allies so far raise the financial blockade, as to permit Russia to purchase spare parts for locomotives. None the less, it seemed to me that this nation, which has spontaneously so little conception of order and punctuality, had been drilled, first by Krassin and then by Sverdloff, on the railways into a very creditable measure of system. I found the ordinary Russian passenger trains, even when wood was the fuel, quicker, more punctual and more comfortable than most of those in which I travelled in Central Europe last year. The time-table was always observed, and the amount of time spent at each stopping place was, through better organization, a mere fraction of what is usual even now in Esthonia. There is a regular train which reaches Irkutsk in far Siberia from Moscow in seven days, while an express runs twice a week from Moscow to the Caucasus in sixty hours. Troop trains move on an average faster than was usual in the Great War. Two years ago the railways were a chaos. They are today a creditable achievement in the art of making the most of limited materials.

To compare the food supply of Russia with that of Central Europe is, however, to take a very low standard. Everyone knows, or ought to know, that the maximum legal allowance of food by ration cards in Germany and Austria is less than half the physiological minimum necessary for health. Even this minimum is far above the unskilled worker's wage. The chief difficulty in judging Russian conditions is to strike some mean among their bewildering variety. The peasants, to begin with, are

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certainly better off in most respects than they were before. I talked with many peasant delegates in the Vladimir Soviet, as well as with chance peasants in the villages. All agreed that they had enough to eat, and even that everyone in the village had enough. I have seen statistics collected last year by a group of Russian economists which put the fact beyond a doubt. The peasant, even the poorest peasant of the sterile central regions, is living better and eating more then ever before. I was a guest several times in peasant houses, and in communal or "Soviet" farms. The abundance and good quality of the food was in some of them surprising, even if one assumes that the generous hospitality traditional in Russia had spread an unusually lavish table. One saw at some of these peasant tables the things which the townsman can obtain only at extravagant speculative prices—butter and honey, poultry and fish. A glance at the outside of a village tells its own tale. The peasants are building, and building rather extensively. Everywhere one saw new houses, and they were usually bigger and better constructed than the old. Again, the official statistics of the livestock in the Vladimir Province, which happens to be a relatively poor district, showed that its total possessions both in horned cattle and sheep had approximately doubled since the year of the revolution. Industrial Russia has passed, and is still passing through a painful crisis of adaptation. Rural Russia, save in the more savagely devastated districts, is obviously and certainly more prosperous than ever before. This green Russia, be it remembered, outnumbers industrial Russia in population by more than ten to one.

There are, however, certain drawbacks to this relative prosperity of the countryside. There are some necessary or usual articles of food which the farmer cannot supply. In many parts of Russia salt was almost unobtainable throughout this summer. I saw one village market in a western province at which most of the peasant women who had poultry, eggs, milk and fruit to dispose of, refused to part with anything for money. I tried hard to buy, only to receive the monotonous answer "For salt." A sucking pig could be had for two pounds of salt. Vladimir had just received a year's supply of salt as I left it, but the distribution had not yet begun.

Sugar, again, of which Russians habitually consume an enormous amount with their continual glasses of weak tea, almost disappeared while the Ukraine was in Denikin's occupation. "Last year," as one Soviet official put it, "we simply forgot the taste of it." The Vladimir Soviet did much for apiculture this summer by distributing hives and bees, but not yet on a sufficient scale. An inventor, himself a Petrograd working-man, discovered a process by which sugar can be extracted from sawdust—preferably from birchwood. The product was satisfactory, but was never available in sufficient quantities. It is roughly true to say that sugar re-appeared in the official ration only for some four months after the recovery of the Ukraine, and then all but disappeared again, save for children, as the Polish war disorganized transport.

Even more serious from the peasants' standpoint was the total lack of lamp oil during last winter. The reason was, of course, that Denikin's army held the roads to Baku, and a small British force controlled the oil-field. The dreary months of darkness had somehow to be passed without artificial light. The more enterprising peasants usually carry on a handicraft during winter, and more especially in the evenings. Some are half-time carpenters, some bootmakers, others potters. The Soviets have done much to encourage these home industries, and an exhibition at Vladimir showed, besides the familiar Russian carved toys, some admirable hand-made furniture, solid, tasteful and well-finished—an entirely new departure. Some of these village craftsmen talked bitterly of their experiences last winter, when the working day ended indoors in darkness towards three or four o'clock. This privation, however, will not recur, for oil is once more coming steadily up the Volga from Baku, and in the Vladimir province a stock had arrived, which will allow a generous supply (216 pounds) to each peasant house.

The dire need of clothing and boots affects the entire Russian population, rural as well as urban. The peasants usually have their sheepskin coats, and in some villages the art of growing, spinning and weaving flax is still practised. None the less, it was always of the lack of clothes that the peasants complained most bitterly. Everything was short, from sewing cotton, needles and buttons, to the top boots which the peasant specially affects. As usual in Russia, the children fared best. A supply of 30 yards of textiles is given to the mother for each new-born child. Every child in the schools of Vladimir province received 6 yards of textiles for one year. Industrial workers in Vladimir received 20 yards for one year, with 12 yards for the members of their families. The peasants received much less —7½ yards for each man, woman and child. The word "textiles" means, however, only cotton or linen. No heavier cloth and no wool or flannel was distributed. The case with boots was even worse. There are sixteen teachers, for example, in the "middle" schools of Vladimir. They received among them two pairs of boots and two pairs of

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goloshes last winter. A teacher of the highest grade who tried to buy a pair of boots in the speculative market would have had to spend five months' salary upon them (40,000 roubles). Even in the Foreign Office at Moscow last winter only 60 per cent of the staff received any footwear at all, and only 30 per cent got boots. One did not notice the lack of clothing much during the tropical summer. Linen and cotton is fairly plentiful, and the young women in the streets were often becomingly dressed. Even their fashion of going barelegged, with little socks and light shoes, looked enviable in the great heat. Rain and even snow came, however, before I left, and it was pitiful to realize that most of the working-women had nothing better to wear than a single cotton skirt. All the warm cloth, all the heavy great-coats, and all the top boots had gone to the Red Army, which, like all armies, wears out these things prodigally. Soap is a costly luxury. None at all was distributed in the provinces: the scanty supplies just sufficed for the hospitals, crêches and schools.

The inability of the Soviet government to supply salt, sugar, paraffin, soap, boots and warm clothing to the peasants, not to mention nails and tools, in anything like adequate quantities, explains in part the dearth of food. The peasant gave up his surplus grain reluctantly, because he got no sufficient return in kind. This initial difficulty was redoubled by the difficulties of transport due to incessant war. The rich agricultural regions of Russia (Siberia, Ukraine and Caucasus) lie all of them on the furthest margins of the Republic, which means a terrific strain upon the railways, which carry the grain inwards and the manufactures outwards, to and from the industrial centre. It is, moreover, in Central Russia that the strength of communism lies. Petrograd, Moscow and the Central Provinces yielded a Bolshevik majority even at the elections for the Constituent Assembly in 1917, whereas the distant provinces at the best only acquiesce, and there the lightest requisition is risky.

The result may be studied in the following table. I obtained it from the evidently honest and capable officials of the Vladimir Soviet, and found it accurate, whenever I tested it by supplementary inquiries. It gives for each category of the population the amount of flour, or its equivalent in bread, theoretically due, and then the amount actually distributed between March and August of this year. The curious term "armored" workers covers those in munition factories, mines and certain textile factories working for the army, who are supposed to receive extra food. The second category includes officials, clerks and other sedentary workers:

	"Armored" Workers.	Other Workers.	Workers' Families. (Adults)	Children. (Average) 15-30 lbs. according to age.
Standard	36 lbs.	25 lbs.	18 lbs.	
March	25	25	18	15
April	11	11	5½	10
May	10	10	5	9
June	14	7	3	12
July	15	10	4	13
August	10½	10½	6	10

The reader who studies this table will realize at once that he has before him a summary sketch of conditions which approach those of a besieged city in the last stages of its resistance. The standard, to begin with, it low. The Red Army normally received two pounds of bread daily, and this is about what the Russian manual worker expects, unless he is well-supplied with meat, fish or kasha. The actual amount supplied fell in some categories to the merest fraction of the standard. Vladimir, I think, was typical of Central Russia. Petrograd fared better, but Moscow was in much the same plight. On the Volga, supplies were, I believe, ampler. It may seem a miracle that any population can survive upon this diet. In reality, the facts were never so bad as this table suggests.

To begin with, the daily public dinner was available for the entire urban population—free in the two capitals, and at a nominal charge in provincial towns. For children there was always one free meal, and sometimes two. Again, nearly everyone belonged to some cooperative society, usually connected with his office or workshop, which was authorized to buy country produce often as far afield as Siberia. This "cooperative" food was sold at prices well within the worker's income. Again, many of the town workers, especially in Petrograd and in the smaller towns, had "allotments" and potato patches. The railway men even grew rye for their own use. But the struggle was very sharp. The women teachers told me that they supplemented their incomes by dressmaking. Much was winked at which was highly irregular. Metal-workers, for example, would make automatic lighters from government material and sell them in the speculative market. Tobacco workers were allowed 1,500 cigarettes monthly, which they usually sold. Want, under-nourishment and anxiety were the lot of everyone. None the less, it was a common remark even in hostile circles in Vladimir, that no one is now actually dying of hunger. Typhus, which always comes with famine, had not recurred this year, though in 1919 no less than three per cent of the town population of Vladimir suffered from it. Typhoid,

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thanks to a better water supply, was actually less prevalent than before the war. The vital statistics were only a little less terrible than those of Central European towns. The birth-rate, taking the industrial population only, had fallen from a pre-war 41 to 30 per 1,000—a drop which medical opinion ascribed mainly to the mobilization of the men. The urban death-rate had risen in this same Vladimir province from a pre-war 27 to about 50 per 1,000. Let me emphasize once more that these grave conditions affected only the urban minority in Russia.

The worst part of its suffering was due to the war. The monthly table tells its own tale. In March, with an adequate food supply, Russia was nearer to peace than she has ever been, before or since, during six long years. The Polish offensive had not yet begun, and the western frontier was held only by a thin screen of troops. Denikin had disappeared, and Wrangel held only the Crimean peninsula. The army was partly demobilized and partly transformed into labor battalions. Everyone, from Lenin downwards, believed that peace had actually come. A rage for construction and peaceful work seized every Soviet. At last they started to realize the grandiose ambition of transforming Russia into a civilized republic, with the will of its workers for its motive force. Even in this brief two or three months of respite much was done, even in quiet, backward Vladimir, to transform the neglected estate inherited from Tsardom. Here schools were built, there bridges. I saw one village in which electric light had been installed. One must have seen a village in Central Russia to grasp the whole meaning of such a portent. Nothing had changed in this long street of log cabins since first there were Tsars in Moscow. And now the engineers came from Vladimir town, erected a wooden turbine in the water mill, installed a dynamo and laid their cables. At first, the peasants shook their heads. Some prophesied that it would not work; others said, "such things are only for the gentry." When at last the light blazed in every cottage, the neighboring villages came to beg for their share in the miracle. Nor was this all. The first steps were taken in a big scheme of railway building, to link up all the isolated forest factories by narrow-gauge lines to the main-system. The munition factories had actually begun to plan their own transformation to peaceful tasks. The manager of one big powder mill confided to me that he had everything ready to start the manufacture of writing paper and artificial silk at a few weeks' notice.

Then at a sign from Paris the Poles struck their blow. Interrupted in their happy constructive work, the young men were summoned and entrained for Kief. No experience of a western land can give even a faint conception of the loss in manpower which mobilization involves in Russia. With us, the young men between twenty and thirty-five may be more energetic than their elders, but they are not appreciably more intelligent, or even much better educated. In Russia the difference is almost that between two distinct races. All the energy, all the faith, all the will, and, among the workers, nearly all the education, belong to the young. The elders, especially in the country, are passive, lethargic, indolent, illiterate, as only Russians can be. Among the mobilized were practically all the clever young workmen, mainly Communists, who in the new schools for administrators, officers and teachers have received their training for their responsibilities in a workers' republic. Not one of these was left in Vladimir; they were all at the front. Even of the heads of local Soviet administration all the ablest had been transferred to the front. That was one consequence of the war. The other is legible in the food statistics. As the railways adapted themselves to the despatch of endless troop trains and food trains from the Far South and the Far East to the Far West, the food supply of Central Russia sank to a fraction of the standard.

Here then are some data for a picture of Russia as it is. Among them are only a few indications for a picture of what with peace, communist Russia might be. It has hardly yet begun to create communism. It has only struggled to evolve expedients against war, civil war and blockade. Its central achievement is negative if farreaching. It has broken the power of autocratic wealth to order men's lives.

H. N. Brailsford.

The Tree in Pamela's Garden

Pamela was too gentle to deceive
Her roses. "Let the men stay where they are,"
She said, "and if Apollo's avatar
Be one of them, I shall not have to grieve."
And so she made all Tilbury Town believe
She sighed a little more for the North Star
Than over men, and only in so far
As she was in a garden was like Eve.

Her neighbors—doing all that neighbors can
To make romance of reticence meanwhile—
Seeing that she had never loved a man,
Wished Pamela had a cat, or a small bird,
And only would have wondered at her smile
Could they have seen that she had overheard.

Edwin Arlington Robinson.

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Anarchic Business

THE gospel according to supply and demand is precise and clear. We are all producers and consumers together. We produce for each other by a division of labor; we consume the product by a law of desire. The more we produce the more abundantly our wants may be satisfied. There is no other way.

Yet we had almost forgotten these great simplicities at a perilous time. It became necessary to remind us of them. Therefore, a propaganda. It is echoing still in the remote places. The word was *production*. The minute men of finance everywhere rose up at dinner, or sat down with interviewers, or labored and brought forth signed articles for the magazines and newspapers, all as with one mind saying the same things. Unless we produced more we were ruined. Only by greater and yet greater production could the country be saved from depression, sorrow and gauntness. Only by working harder and complaining less could we hope to slay the dragon scarcity.

And see what we were doing!

Instead of intending our minds and hands to production, thereby bringing our own salvation to pass, we were higgling over social rights and the arithmetic of division. The Financial Chronicle, keeper of the Wall Street liturgies, grew romantic with yearning for the times that were, and wrote this:

> Why . . . quarrel over these countless new plans for ownership and distribution? In the benefits of the common uses of things no capitalist has more, or can inherit more, than the laborer. . . . Why should we not plunge into industry under the old system, the present system, each laborer striving to add something to the intangible mass of undivided and indivisible profits, relying upon a "fair day's wage for a full day's work" for his own immediate compensation, and conscious of an opportunity to add, perchance, some new idea or device to his task, and by skill and the perfectness of his production, adding to the momentum of the whole, together with a personal contribution to the knowledge of the uses and powers of nature? . . . And is not this a fulfillment of the divine law of man's being here on earth? [*p. 698, February 21, 1920.*]

Although uttered at large, all these exhortations to produce and trust the sequel to divine law were addressed in one direction. They were addressed to labor,—to its reason, its patriotism, its sentiment. There was much indignation over labor's lack of sentiment. Europe was suffering, maybe dying, for want of goods, and labor was callous. It thought not of saving the world,—only of improving its condition. It wasted precious time in strikes and negotiations and discussions of change, with the dread spectre of scarcity stalking about.

It was worse than that. You may overcome callousness. You may impart ideas to the deaf and blind. But what can you do with ears that will not hear? with eyes that will not see? Labor was impervious. The propaganda of production left it cold. You would have thought it did not know what the propagandists were talking about. You could be very sure it didn't seem to care.

Why was this?

For the sound psychological reason that you cannot be moved by two conflicting ideas at the same time. Labor was all the while thinking of something else. It never heard or saw the word production without prefixing a word of four letters. It was perversely thinking of blue times past when there were fewer jobs than men in a country where man's work of transforming his environment has but fairly begun. It was thinking, that is to say, of unemployment, with its degradations and miseries; and its recollection distinctly was that the explanation of this recurring stupidity had always been *over*-production. It did not invent the explanation. It had never believed it really.

You can hardly imagine the case of a people having produced more than they wish to consume or enjoy. They never have done so. And if they ever should, then the rational ideas to associate with over-production would be not unemployment and distress, but holiday and leisure,—the occasion to cease from labor for a time and enjoy the surplus of things produced.

Such indeed is the logical assumption of geometric economics. If people produce greatly they will be rich; if they are rich they will have ease and leisure. But labor sets against logic the facts of experience. And its experience is that whatever may be true of people, it is true of labor that over-production, so named, is an immediate calamity. It knows very well the true and limited meaning of over-production. People have not produced more than they want. That is not the meaning. But of certain things more has been produced under the stimulus of high prices than can be sold at a profit. Of such over-produced things there is first an accumulation on the shelves of merchants and in the hands of manufacturers because at the prices asked people prefer to do without. Then there is a desperate withholding of them from forced sale. This is accomplished by the use of

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money borrowed at the bank. Lastly, all forestalling means having failed and credit at the bank being exhausted, there comes a time when goods must be sold for what they will bring.

Production suddenly stops. Factories shut up. Prices fall until people will buy the goods,—that is, until the demand at a price equals the supply at a price, and the law is wonderfully vindicated. But meanwhile many of the laborers who have produced these goods are out of work and have almost no buying power at all; and finance, whose anarchy has brought this state to pass, hastily creates a great public spirited committee in Wall Street, furnished with typists, statisticians, researchers and funds, to investigate the phenomena of unemployment!

While buyers and sellers are at a feud,—buyers refusing to buy at the high prices and sellers refusing to cut them,—there is an illusion of scarcity. The surplus being invisible, there is a pretence that it does not exist. Memory is that over-production has invariably been preceded by this illusion of scarcity.

Therefore labor was at this time more than indifferent. It was cynical. Its reaction to the high plea for greater production was one of fear,—fear of over-production and unemployment. Its reaction to the talk of scarcity was violently to denounce forestallers and profiteers.

What if for once it were wrong?

What if the facts were as represented?

In that case the consequences of labor's disbelief and cynicism would be dreadful and perhaps irrevocable.

On the point of this possibility there was some genuine uneasiness. There might have been a great deal more but for one glaring contradiction. Every vehicle of popular advertising was bursting with business. The demands of merchants and manufacturers upon the newspapers and magazines for space in which to advertise merchandise for sale was so great as to create a white paper famine. If there was a scarcity of goods,—if the demand for merchandise was truly greater than the supply,—why all this costly advertising?

Now the sequel unfolds.

In the feud between buyers and sellers the sellers at length began to yield because they were running out of credit. The jam broke. Department stores began to make horizontal price reductions of a startling character. A great private trading corporation hired an exposition building in New York City and put forward a super-salesman, a kind of mercantile Billy Sunday, to dispose of incredible quantities of shoes and other goods at low prices. Where until then had these goods been concealed? Nobody asked.

These were the culminating signs. Back of the retailer wholesale prices were giving way; back of the wholesaler commodity prices were falling steeply,—all for the same reason. The dam of high prices had broken under the weight of unsold goods piled up behind it. The dam had been built of credit,—higher and higher. In the first nine months of 1920, according to the statement of the Federal Reserve Board, $1,800,000,000 of credit was added to the dam; still it was not high enough.

For a little while the breaking of the dam and the flood resulting made big and joyous news; people followed it excitedly. Then they began to notice small paragraphs that told of factories shutting down, of industries going on short time,—of *unemployment*. Ominous readings of the business barometer became news of another character.

On October 16th, less than eight months after the pious incantation quoted above, The Financial Chronicle wrote:

> There are intimations said to emanate from some of the members of the American Federation of Labor that its unions are quietly being advised to expect reductions in wages and to accept them. Whether this is so or not, it would be only a repetition of economic history for liquidation of commodities at declining prices to be followed by liquidation of labor and a fall in wages. Just now there is increasing unemployment in the textile industries of the country. At one time the mill operatives took vacations whenever they saw fit and whether the mill owners liked it or not. Now they are getting involuntary vacations. That is to say the mills are closing for a week or two at a time, or else in some cases closing indefinitely. In others they are running on three or four days a week time. High wages have helped to make high prices, and eventually to make poor markets, for the people are rebelling at high prices. The thing in its way is turning out to be a boomerang. Labor has to be laid off.

Labor has to be laid off. Of course. That is what labor knew.

Only a repetition of economic history. Exactly. That is what labor complains of.

But when labor has to be laid off, what becomes of the "full day's work" for a "fair day's wage" which each ideal laborer was to rely upon for "his own immediate compensation?"

What becomes of his "opportunity to add perchance some new idea or device to his task?"

And when labor is laid off, how shall it fulfill "the divine law of man's being here on earth?"

Certain embarrassing questions now ask themselves. There was no scarcity. It was only a price jam. There was plenty of production, witness the accumulation of unsold goods behind the credit dam. So, what would the case be if labor had responded to the exhortation? Suppose it had increased production for sentimental or unselfish

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reasons,—what then? And when the pashas of finance, industry and trade were talking scarcity and preaching production did they know? Were they disingenuous, ignorant or infatuated? I prefer to think they were more infatuated than ignorant and much more ignorant than disingenuous. To think otherwise would oblige one to imagine a coherent, organized conspiracy. I cannot imagine any such thing in business, not because it is morally improbable, but because business is essentially anarchic, everyone for himself, subject only to the law of solvency. What may appear at times to be a conspiracy is merely likemindedness in the anarchistic pursuit of profits.

Now they will say, as The Financial Chronicle says, that high wages did it. High wages make high prices and high prices make poor markets. "The thing in its way is turning out to be a boomerang," says that fatuous organ.

Well, even so, who cast the boomerang? Who in the first place demoralized the labor market?

In the winter of 1914-15 a certain mailed customer appeared. His wants were gigantic, unreasonable, mad and asymmetrical. He required only special things, but he required them in enormous quantities, and he would pay any price at all. The profit of serving him was fabulous. And for profit he was served,—not for any other reason whatever, sentimental, political or historical.

Holders of war contracts bid wages up on each other in a fantastic manner. There was chaos in money wages. When the war contractor stood on the highway, or at his competitor's factory gate, offering $10 and $12 a day for common labor, thereby upsetting a schedule of differentials more elaborate and complicated than the freight rate schedule, no class or item of which may be touched without entailing millions of readjustments,—he was himself an anarchist.

Did it occur to him then that high wages make high prices and high prices make poor markets?

Had he any thought even for his own kind?—for the rights and profits of his fellow manufacturers? Was he in the least mindful of the effect of what he was doing upon the industrial machine at large? Ask him.

He crippled the non-war industries by luring men away from them. He upset values and relations wantonly. Devil take the hindmost, but he would have the profit first; then a high, safe limb for his. That is business. Everybody did who could. But when labor can and does,—that is Bolshevism.

The way to delete Bolshevism from labor is to take anarchy out of business. They are the two aspects of one thing.

GARET GARRETT.

Cinderella in Industry

PERHAPS it is because they start their independent reading in a fairy-book; perhaps it is because every afternoon they were dressed up and exhorted to stay clean and pretty; perhaps—and this, I think, is "getting warm"—it is because we are the most over-romanticized nation on earth, that when our girls come to the point of choosing what work they will do they bring with them the very predilections and enthusiasms which they would use to buy a dancing-frock. There is very little doubt, I think, that we are the huge spoiled child of our press. Was there ever a man like the American Man? Was ever career so great as the Great Career of American Business? Where will you find a woman as wonderful as ours? So alert, so good-looking, and, when you come down to it, so effective? And every week and month the rotogravure sections of magazines and newspapers turn out pictures of the thousandth woman by the score, and her preëminence in dancing or decorating or running a real estate office is energetically extolled.

The life-stories that go with the pictures are extraordinarily illuminating. Sometimes, in the rare and happy case, the thousandth woman had an objective from the start. She makes a nice, honest-worth sort of story for her interviewer, but it lacks the true touch. It is when you can start out with "The career of Priscilla Pennypacker reads like a fairy-tale," or " 'It just happened,' Mabel Minturn confided winningly," that your genuine human-interest writer knows he has his audience with him to a woman. And the magazines roll off the press and into the hands of the waiting feminine hordes, and within a week every employment desk in this town and every other town where the rotogravure finds its way is besieged by little potential Priscilla Pennypackers and Mabel Minturns imploring you to give them the first push into their glorious, and, so far as possible, unforeseen future.

One week they are all embryo employment managers or copy-writers; when the next magazine is on the stands they beg for dress-designing. "Haven't you *anything* in interior decorating?—or on a magazine?" "I feel that I'm best fitted for research along literary lines; do you ever have calls for just a *social* secretary, without typewriting or stenography?" Or—and when they say this they are most dangerous of all—"What have you got that's interesting?" For at any rate, if their hearts are set for the moment on a novelty, a number of other mistakes are excluded; but when the anything-interesting girl comes to you it is time to cross yourself and move carefully.

"What have you got that's interesting?" means

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simply "What have you that I can dramatize myself in?" And there you have the whole thing. The average girl comes to you in search of a background, not in search of work; in search of something becoming that she may pose herself against; in search of a colored spotlight to stand in before her little world. She doesn't mean to cheat, and often in the end it is herself that she has cheated most unforgivably, and she doesn't mean to scamp the job if she finds that it is harder than she bargained for; but she often does scamp it, and undermines her own self-confidence, and the confidence of her employer, and the chance of the right girl who may come along for that job, having looked forward to it through seasons of careful preparation.

It may not seem a very threatening thing that a number of girls fresh from school and college should be pushed by circumstance and their own romanticism into positions they are totally unsuited for, and perhaps it would not be threatening if it were not for the lamentable adaptability of women. Lacking a clear objective, the girl who starts out in the first thing that offers itself as interesting is usually betrayed by her own ability to learn quickly and the very human trait of liking to do anything which one can do well without too much effort. An unmistakable failure within the first few weeks of entering the wrong work is a godsend; if it did nothing more than teach a wholesome humility and give a faint glimmering of her true economic value as an untrained worker, it would be invaluable. Sometimes marriage intervenes. If the girl has in her the stuff of a real worker, marriage is sometimes the first step on the road to finding herself. If she drops out of work for a year or two she often comes back with a real objective, and, what is most valuable, with a view of herself through other eyes. But marriage or recognizable failure does not always happen, and if she is at all versatile and easily trained she soon takes her place in the process, and from that day until the day when something jolts her into a perspective, never sees herself as a part in a process, but always as an extremely interesting individual, functioning alone.

The result is that ten or fifteen or even twenty years later she comes back to the employment desk, no longer a girl, no longer malleable, and begs for any work, any work at all, but the work she has been learning to do for years. She has suddenly seen what her real place in the process is, and it is seldom important. She calls her difficulty "geting in a rut," or "getting to be just a machine," but essentially she means that the dramatic possibilities are all gone, and she wants anything which by its strangeness will give her again the sensation of playing the leading role. To this type of girl, who is legion, the revelation rarely comes as full illumination. She has grown into a fair salary, and she wants that same salary for any work she may find to do. But the trained worker's salary is not forthcoming for an apprentice, and she often goes back beaten and restless to her old work, because it is the only work which will pay her price.

It is an extraordinary candidate for a first position who has anything but the most fantastic notion of her own economic value. "My father's secretary gets forty-five dollars a week, and she never even went to high-school! I certainly won't take less than thirty dollars a week; I'd be foolish!" "I know a girl who just walked into an office and got a place at fifty dollars a week, and *she* didn't know stenography." One very frank young person (major: English; minor: modern languages) who had rated her services as worth forty dollars a week at the lowest put her case tersely: "Certainly a college education and great personal charm must be worth something!" She was outraged when she was told that unbridled charm was more often a disrupting than a unifying force in a busy office, and that her courses in college had not been sufficiently specialized to be of any particular value to an employer. It was only after she had heard the same thing at every employment desk in town that she came back in the right mood for counsel and advice.

The way of the employment secretary has not been made easier by the war. A year ago women's services were at a premium, and a dozen bureaus wanting workers for research "of a purely literary type" sprang up over night. Now it is our unhappy task to assure countless girls and women who are just starting out in work, or who are re-adjusting themselves to peace-time reality with difficulty, that the war appropriations have all been spent; that the emergency war bureaus have died without issue; that there are men competing for the positions who are better trained for the work and who are willing to take the salaries offered. And we counsel specialization with an eye to the actual demand, and the cultivation of what is called—in trade jargon, maybe—"the long point of view." Sometimes, since our counsel is backed up by the hard fact that the shadowy position at the desired salary simply is not there, we make our point.

Perhaps the trouble originally started when our mothers first began to sell the idea of a college education for daughters to our hard-headed forefathers. It used to be fairly traditional that col-

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lege fitted a girl for a career, just as it was traditional that the mere fact of having borne a child would make any woman an intelligent mother. If it wouldn't pay in immediate dollars and cents what on earth was the use of four added years of expensive education? So girls have gone away to college with the wrong idea, and they come away after graduation, a great many of them, as deluded as when they first matriculated.

If vocational guidance were the remedy, then the condition would have been cured long ago. We have vocational guidance bureaus of remarkable excellence. The difficulty lies in the fact that the trained counsellor has very little chance to advise until college is almost over, or when the girl has no longer time or money to spend in apprenticeship to any form of work.

If we could come, at least the greater part of us, to realize that our daughters are quite as likely to become workers as our boys; to think and talk and act as if they would have their distinct work to do after college; to let our girls go out on sallies to meet reality (by doing vacation work, for example, in stores or offices or factories, which is infinitely better than to divide their energy and attention by urging them to work their way through college); if tastes and talents and aptitudes might be intelligently analyzed at home, without too much regard for the prejudices and predilections of the parents, the girl who comes to the employment desk would have a clearer, better notion of what she is fitted to do. Romance would be sacrificed to reality, perhaps, but that is better than to have it die before disillusion.

Once that way of thinking became prevalent in the family, the teaching of elementary economics in the preparatory schools might not be too hard to initiate. Then if the vocational guide might step in not later than the junior year of high-school, to correct the hazardous desire to get immediately into work, and to point out the way to excellence and effectiveness through a planned and balanced college program, we might have in the course of a decade or so a generation of women workers giving really valuable and intelligent service.

DOROTHEA BRANDE.

Feed the World and Save the League

IN Bertrand Russell's recent report of his experiences in Russia, he said: "Contact with those who had no doubts, has intensified a thousandfold my own doubts not only of communism, but of any creed so firmly held that for its sake men are willing to inflict wide-spread misery."

The statement recalls a similar one put into the mouth of Danton by Romain Rolland in his play of that name; "There is no danger in any state as great as that of men with principles. They don't try to do good but to be in the right; no suffering troubles them. Their only morality, their only political ideal, is to impress their ideas upon others."

Have the advocates of the League of Nations fallen into the state of mind thus described? Does the common man distrust the League because it is slow to relieve the wide-spread misery in Europe; because it so cautiously refuses to become the tentative instrument of a longed for new era; because it threatens to become one more of those abortive efforts "to end war" which fail because they have nothing tangible and human upon which to focus scattered moral energies and no popular drive with which to make effective moral ideas upon a more extended scale than that to which the time has become accustomed?

As the revolutionists have learned from the war the ready use of arms in pressing their claims, is it not possible that the united governments from their war experience in the increased production and distribution of foods, may have learned what the great underlying demand of the oppressed actually is, and also to use the training of war to meet it reasonably and quickly?

If this demand could be recognized and acknowledged as in a great measure valid, what a much needed change in the world's affairs might take place, not as it now threatens to occur under the leadership of men driven desperate by hunger, but with the help of men who are trained in the daily processes of world wide commerce; men working wholeheartedly to meet adequately and scientifically a world obligation but newly formulated on an international scale, although long recognized in piecemeal fashion. The great danger ahead of the League of Nations is implicit in the fact that its first work involves the guaranteeing of a purely political peace and a dependence upon the old political motives. Whereas if from the very first it could perform an act of faith, if it evinced the daring to meet new demands which could be met in no other way, then and then only would it become the necessary instrumentality to carry on the enlarged

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life of the world and gradually be recognized as indispensable.

Since the cessation of war, there is all over the world a sense of loss in motive power, the consciousness that there is no driving force equal to that furnished by the heroism and self-sacrifice demanded in war time. Yet the great purposes of the League of Nations could be made sufficiently appealing to absorb these to the full. What could afford a more primitive, genuine and abiding motive than feeding the people of the earth on an international scale? It would utilize all the courage and self-sacrifice evolved by warfare and turn into immediate efficiency all that international cooperation which performed such miracles of production in the prosecution of the war. Both are ready to its hand. The British Labor party has pointed out the beginning of international order as follows: "During the period of the war we had great international bodies for the control and distribution of shipping, credit, and raw material in accordance not with capacity to pay, but with vital need. Only so could the common enemy be met. There was in these arrangements the beginnings of an organized economic government of the world, a real international society, subjecting to a common control those things essential to the common life. Here was a world-government actually in being."

If the League of Nations had maintained the system, remedied its defects, enlarged its functions, and democratized its administration, the de facto beginnings of an organized economic government of the world would have been constituted. The eighteenth century phrases in which diplomatic intercourse has been so long conducted would have dropped away as not fitted to discuss the need of an internationally guaranteed loan, the functions of an Economic Council for the control of food stuffs and raw material, the fuel shortage, credits granted to enemy and liberated countries alike for reconstruction purposes, the effect of malnutrition on powers of production, the irreparable results of "hunger oedema." Some brave spirit might even point out that it is useless to hold an International Labor Congress in order to raise the standard of life and wages throughout the world, if famine continues steadily to depress that standard throughout the great manufacturing regions of Europe. Out of his wide experience in feeding devastated Europe, Mr. Hoover once, perhaps hastily, said: "There are certain foundations of industry in Europe that, no matter what the national or personal ownership or control may be, yet partake of the nature of public utilities in which other nations have a moral right." Certainly such a situation presents material for a statesmanship which is genuine and straightforward, and contains a tremendous appeal to the common man.

If this policy of feeding the hungry were once adopted, the League might at last feel the zeal, the tingle and excitement of reality and through the sheer processes of life become genuinely significant.

We are told by those familiar with the work carried on at the temporary headquarters of the League of Nations in London that "the economic section has for many months been engaged in a world wide study of such questions as coal, production, markets, food and the movement of raw material. At the first meeting of the Assembly a full report will be ready." But how many people may starve to death before those reports are acted upon. It suggests a committee studying the best method of extinguishing fires while precious granaries are burning down.

It is quite obvious that the League must proceed carefully but there are times when even well considered delay is fatal. While these reports are being prepared, the starving people themselves have ceased to look to the League for help, it has lost all that popular confidence and hope which was its greatest asset. How many times do the friends of the League say in its defense: "that is due to the Treaty, the League has not yet begun to function" only to receive the bitter reply, "the same men who wrote the Treaty, made the League."

Much has been said during the war about primitive emotion and instinctive action, but certainly their use need not be reserved to purposes of destruction. After all, the first friendly communication between tribe and tribe came through the need of food when one or the other was starving and too weak to fight, primitive human pity made the folk way which afterward developed into political relationships.

Why not open the gates and let these primitive emotions flood our devastated world? By all means let the beneficent tide be directed and canalized by the League of Nations which is, after all, the outgrowth of century-old dreams. The great stumbling block always in the way of its earlier realization and the crux of its actual survival now, is the difficulty in interpreting it to the understanding of the common man, grounding it in his affections, appealing to his love for human kind. To such men, who, after all, compose the bulk of the citizens in every nation participating in the League. the abstract policies of it make little appeal although they would gladly contribute their utmost to feed the starving, as the two and a half million French trade unionists regularly tax themselves for the children of Austria; as the British Labor party

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insists that the British foreign policy shall rest "upon a humane basis, really caring for all mankind, including colored men, women and children"; as the German workmen recommend that "all commodities of first necessity be pooled so that each people gets its share"; or as the American Federation of Labor declares its readiness to "give a mighty service in a common effort for all human kind."

So far as the working man in any country has expressed himself, it is all in this direction. In addition to the organized workers, millions of earth's humblest toilers whose lives are consumed in securing the daily needs of existence for themselves and their families, go stumbling towards the light of better international relations largely because "Man is constantly seeking a new and finer adjustment between his inner emotional demands and the practical arrangements of the world in which he lives." It is absurd for us, as advocates of the League, to complain that it is difficult to endear it to "the people" when it is precisely the people who are most ready for an act of faith, to whom it seems most natural to feed the hungry. It may take years to popularize the principles of the League, but citizens of civilized nations have already received much religious instruction. "To do the will" on an international scale might result in that world wide religious revival which the war in spite of many predictions, has as yet failed to evoke. It would certainly establish the sort of League of which thousands of people dreamed when they hailed the President of the United States as the Savior of Europe. Why are we, its advocates, so slow to tap this reservoir of moral power which alone could adequately motive the great undertaking? We fail to remember that to confound principles with people, indicates that we understand neither religion nor our fellow-men.

JANE ADDAMS.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Negro Faces America

SIR: Of numberless possible approaches to problems of race relations in the United States, your reviewer of my book, The Negro Faces America, has chosen one and has made the nature of his choice clear. My quarrel is not with his position but with his review, which is not so much an examination of my book as a congeries of suggestions for the book he wished had been written. Thus, he ignores that fully one-third of my book is devoted to analysis of the states of mind which make mob outrages inevitable, in order to remark: "Mob outrages are discussed without an attempt to analyse them psychologically." (I refer him to the chapters entitled The South's Color Psychosis, Anthropology and Myth, and Social Equality and Sex.)

Possibly his solicitude for another kind of b k than mine led him to omit substantiation for such state ents as: "And when the writer stumbles into generalization he usually betrays his inadequate mastery of the subject"; "The issue as to the evolutionary inferiority of the Negro . . . is superficially handled." In passing, I should like to challenge your reviewer to stand and deliver in support of the generalizations into which he has stumbled.

The essential difference between his position and mine appears from his remarks about intermarriage between white and colored persons. He accuses me of "aggressive insistence" on the "right of intermarriage," and I can only wonder whether he refers to the following statement on page 270 of my book: "It may be, and, in the present state of race relations undoubtedly is, impracticable that there be intermarriage to any appreciable extent. But in any circumstances the question of intermarriage could more safely be left to the decision of the individuals concerned than to politicians with a vested political interest in race hatred." Am I wrong in wondering whether your reviewer would not rather have the question left out of discussion entirely—for does he not say that its discussion in the form of aggressive insistence at this time is inappropriate?

It is, it seems, in deference to characteristically American, more specifically Southern, intolerances that your reviewer reproves me. He had rather, as he says, I had proceeded "to a serious consideration of possible customary or statutory adjustments in methods of employment," etc. But that does not happen to have been my subject. I tried in The Negro Faces America to establish the fact of serious race problems by reciting a number of their hideous manifestations; and then I tried to penetrate to the psychic and social mechanisms which prevent dissolution of those problems.

Your reviewer would rather I had written a book sufficiently deferential to the Southerner's prejudice to have enlisted his cooperation in some program. That would have made the inquiry which I had untertaken impossible.

I do not quite understand your reviewer's remark that though my book is a generous piece of agitation I "fail to make good upon the pretences" of its arrangement, in view of my abject confession in the foreword that "If the result be a clearer field than has existed heretofore for research and social invention, I shall consider the polemic elements in a work, which should have been undertaken by a trained sociologist, to have been not wholly unjustified."

I seem to have admitted I was an agitator before your reviewer accused me of being one. Only I had set myself the task of agitating for freedom of discussion in a field where prejudice and deference to prejudice have been the almost unbroken rule.

May I say in conclusion that to attribute defects in my book to my publicly acknowledged indebtedness for facts to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is to impugn my judgment in a manner which it would have been more sportsmanlike, it seems to me, to do by direct reference to the evidence, namely my book. Would your reviewer have made a similar insinuation if the source of my information had been the Fabian Society of the Labor Research Bureau, instead of an association supported mainly by Negroes?

HERBERT J. SELIGMANN

New York City.

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On the "Jubilant Crucifixion"

SIR: If Cox had been elected, even by the narrowest of margins, those who voted for him would have proclaimed that justice had triumphed, that the people, in a crisis, will decide unerringly for the right. So, with a Harding plurality of more than six million, a Cox supporter is bound to wonder if he was not wrong, after all.

Nothing succeeds like success, particularly when it comes through with a bang and a whoop. With defeat there comes a sneaking tendency to rejoice for a moment over the rebuke administered to the Wilson administration, there comes a realization of the weakness of the Cox leadership. Yet it is hard to see how the liberal can view the result with any real satisfaction. He knows that though the vote for Cox was perhaps a vote for the bad Versailles Treaty, the vote for Harding was certainly not a repudiation of the Treaty. He knows that the people of the United States, to their discredit, show every evidence of being entirely complacent regarding the terms of the peace. They may fear Article X, but not because Article X might guarantee the enforcement of the harsh peace terms. The great majority of the people who voted for Harding, it is true, have no use for Palmer, but not because Palmer has been too severe with the Reds. The Harding men were never indignant over the deportation proceedings, unless they were so because more soviet arks were not sent to Russia. The persons who are rejoicing over Harding's victory are those who say that Debs "ought to be stood against a wall and shot," that Post "ought to be strung up," that the Japanese "ought to be kicked out of California," and that Mexico "needs a good drubbing."

These are not imaginary remarks. They are made whenever 100 per cent Americans get together. The hundred-percenters have no use for Wilson's Fourteen Points, for Wilson's international ideals. They taunted him because he was "too proud to fight," they accused him of wanting "a soft peace" for Germany, and they sneer today because Baker has shown leniency to conscientious objectors.

The liberal who voted for Cox can be comforted with the thought that, sweeping aside the lesser issues of the campaign, he stood by Wilson, even when filled with a sickening fear that perhaps Wilson did not deserve his support. He knows that the Wilson ideals deserved his support. He knows that some day he may be glad that he refused to take part in the jubilant crucifixion. He knows that the election, despite its significance, is but an incident. He knows that prosperity at home and peace abroad depend more upon the spirit of the people than upon the success of any political party. He knows that the American people and the peoples of the Allies have failed sadly since the guns ceased to roar on the western front. They have failed to show the simple Christian virtues of generosity and charity. Until this narrow and vindictive spirit changes, whatever may be the fate of treaties and covenants and governments, the war, in its largest sense, will have been lost.

It bodes ill for the Democratic party that it is already predicting that the Harding administration will be such a failure that the Republicans will be turned out again four years hence. The sincere Democrats and the sincere liberals can not but hope that the Harding regime will be a success in the eyes of America and of the world. A party can not value its ideals highly if it is afraid that another party will put those ideals into practice and get the credit for the job. The Democrats and liberals should support Harding at every point at which they can conscientiously do so. They should resist to the utmost, however, the "we're-the-best-people-in-the-world" Americanism and should stand firmly for the Wilson ideal of consideration for the other nations of the earth, even when that nation may be small and relatively weak, such as Mexico. They should let the questions of who is to lead the party and when it is to get back into power take care of themselves.

MYRON M. JOHNSON.

Hartford, Connecticut.

Baseball on Trial

SIR: Baseball having been put on trial, prosecuted by Mr. Fullerton, is entitled to a defense. Baseball as a business is the only thing on trial. Baseball as sport has not been indicted. Baseball as business will be no more or less crooked than other business in the United States. It will conform to the popular standard. The fans take a mild interest in the one-handed catch of a line drive, and have a momentary thrill in a home run with the bases full, but they only go home talkative and satisfied when Muggsy Bevers has cut a base or interfered with a fielder without being seen by the umpire. That is what we really yell about. "He put it over on Silk!"

How dull we find Englishmen because twenty-two of them can spend the whole of two days playing one game of cricket with no umpire to keep them from cheating. Eighteen American men or boys gather to play baseball and the first thing they think of is the arbitration of the coming quarrels and the reduction of the inevitable cheating sufficiently so that one team will not quit the game. Baseball is never played like tennis, golf or cricket, that is in a spirit of mutual trust and confidence. Imagine American gentlemen playing baseball allowing the catchers on each side to call the balls and strikes and the basemen to decide whether the runners were safe or out. Baseball is like that other American game in being interesting only because of its uncertainties. If we knew that every ball pitched would be hit; that every hit would be stopped; that every throw would be straight; that there would be no muffs and boots and bobbles, no one would go near a ball park. Now we have a new element of interest. In addition to the players cheating each other without being caught by the umpires, we have the uncertainty as to whether on any particular play the man handling the ball is going to drop it or catch it and whether his motive is pleasure or profit; whether it will pay him better to fool the umpires, the public, his backers, his pretended employers or his undisclosed co-conspirators, seducers or underworld bosses.

The baseball fan in place of the slight interest he now has in the mechanical functioning of any particular representative of the smaller rug-making nations who are conspicuous in our national batting order will writhe on his fifty cent bleacher seat with the combined emotions of Conan Doyle, Gyp the Blood, Fagan, Skinny Grogan and Judas Iscariot. Let us not make ourselves ridiculous by demanding simp baseball. It would be like going back to old fashioned rounders or whist. The interest in baseball lies in its uncertainty. Let us try to increase the uncertainty. It will become as fascinating as marked cards in the hands of players who have muddled their meaning.

MURRY NELSON.

Chicago, Illinois.

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Books and Things

IN February, 1892, Stevenson wrote to William Morris a letter in which he said, among other things, these: "Master—A plea from a place so distant should have some weight, and from a heart so grateful should have some address. I have been long in your debt, Master, and I did not think it could be so much increased as you have now increased it." Sir Sidney Colvin says in his note: "The following draft letter to Mr. William Morris was found among Stevenson's papers after his death. It has touches of affectation and constraint not usual with him, and it is no doubt on that account that he did not send it." Perhaps Mr. W. L. George, if he had happened to reread this letter and the note while correcting the proofs of Caliban (Harpers), would have thrown away his dedication to Joseph Conrad, or at least not have left it like this: "Dear Master, Even though you have given me leave to dedicate this book to you, I should hesitate to do so if I did not feel that in such a case it is he who gives, not he who receives, that enjoys honor; seemliness suggests that I refrain from flattery; duty commands that I express my gratitude for the generosity with which you received my last novel, remained unbemused by the anger of the reactionaries and the artistic prejudice of the advanced. I will only say that you induced me to doubt myself a little less, and subscribe myself, dear Master, Your sincere friend, W. L. George."

Such a dedication leaves its readers wondering whether its author may not have overrated his need of inducements to doubt himself less, and sets them awatch for further touches of the same kind of affectation and constraint. Thus it does its author much wrong, for except in the dedication Caliban is not affected at all, and if Mr. George had doubted himself less he might have been less attracted by the easier and more obvious half of his subject, and might have written a fresher and perhaps a more searching book. In other words, the scheme of Caliban is too modest by half. Richard Bulmer, the hero, is a schoolboy when we make his acquaintance. He loves facts, disconnected facts. He has what amounts to a passion for zip. He starts a school magazine, leaves school, gets a place as clerk in the City, joins the North London Literary Society, edits the Society's journal—which he makes so readable that the members read it—puts so much zip into it that he is turned out of his editorship, founds a monthly called Zip, borrows a little money to keep it going, makes it go, starts other monthlies and a few weeklies, borrows a lot of money and starts the Daily Gazette, grows rich and powerful, becomes Sir Richard and not long afterward Lord Bulmer, buys the Day, a paper almost as old as the Times. All this before he is out of the forties.

(So Caliban is just another *roman à clef,* an undisguised imaginary life of Lord Northcliffe? Zip is Titbits, the Daily Gazette is the Daily Mail, the Day is the Times? No, not so. Mr. George has taken his precaution and a rather odd one it is. His men and women talk about Northcliffe, wonder whether Bulmer is the man to beat him at Northcliffe's own game. Bulmer himself "had watched the Daily Mail rise, full of hatred and admiration, seen it do exactly what should be done, and seen it led by another man." Such an expedient may serve its turn with readers who are familiar enough with the details of Lord Northcliffe's career to be disconcerted by any study of it that is not, as Caliban is not, a literal copy. To me, who know just enough about Lord Northcliffe to be puzzled by the contrast between the force he is and the feebleness of what he writes himself now and then, to me and others in the same boat it does not make much difference whether Lord Northcliffe's existence is assumed throughout Caliban or ignored. Suppose George Meredith had sprayed his pages with reference to Ferdinand Lasalle, what effect would this have had upon my enjoyment of The Tragic Comedians? None, my guess is, except possibly to irritate me slighty. In the case of Caliban my irritation is due to a suspicion that a certain respect for his hero has led Mr. George to show us Lord Northcliffe off stage. How, Mr. George seems to be asking, how can you be stupid enough to identify Bulmer with another character, albeit a mute, in the very same book? And the expedient strikes me as a little—well, inexpensive.)

Finding my way out of this parenthesis, picking up the thread of my discourse, I resume by stating the grounds of my only quarrel with Mr. George. He has neglected the difficult and more interesting half of his subject. He has not tried to answer the most puzzling of the questions that yellow journalism raises. Why does any yellow journalist, once he has or can borrow enough to see him through the first lean and ticklish years, ever fail to make money? "The older I grow," says the story teller in The Way of All Flesh, "the more convinced I become of the folly and credulity of the public; but at the same time the harder do I see it is to impose oneself upon that folly and credulity." I feel while reading Caliban the folly and credulity of Richard Bulmer's public: I do not feel the difficulty of his progressive imposition of himself. On the contrary, Mr. George has helped me, in two ways, to feel that such a difficulty does not exist; first, by inventing certain headlines and posters supposed to be written by Bulmer, which Mr. George disdains and thinks effective, and which convince me that Bulmer could not have held for one week a job as headline writer on any newspaper in the U. S. A.; secondly, by making such easy marks of the capitalists, big and little, from whom Bulmer borrows money. One might answer, no doubt, that success and failure have their origin in the same psychological processes, or that Mr. George's aim is to illustrate the cheapness of the material with which every yellow journalist builds his success. Agreeing to this, I can only repeat that I should be more interested than I am in Caliban by a novel which explored the differences between a successful yellow journalist and a failure.

Not everybody, however, cares to investigate the differences which separate the successful wooers of Caliban from the unsucessful, and in Mr. George's novel there is cleverness enough to reward all readers who do not care. The yellow passion, the gross lust for circulation, is well represented. Well observed, too, are Bulmer's unconscious changes of mind, his easy transition from indifference toward an unknown man into friendliness for the same grown famous. Well observed is Bulmer's impulse to give credence to any assertion that his Daily Gazette has printed. Best of all, I think, are Mr. George's rendering of the nervous and really lonely hurry in which Bulmer lives his exciting life, and the quick pace at which the story moves in artful sympathy with its hero's nervous hurry. Interesting, too, is the change in Mr. George, who is a little ill-humored while getting under way, but who understands Bulmer better and better as time goes on, likes him better and better and makes us like him. Before I have finished Caliban I almost believe in Bulmer. Indeed, I quite believe everything Mr. George says about him, except one thing: Bulmer was not a successful journalist. He only went through the motions. Upon this point Mr. George is misinformed.

P. L.

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Poor White

Poor White, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON is one of the few American novelists who possesses that old-fashioned equipment, a soul, and for this reason he is always deeply interesting. But in some puzzling way his soul, or whatever it is that makes a storyteller a real communicator, is by no means a mastered and mastering occupant of his fiction. On the contrary, his is a creative fire that burns smokily and fitfully. In some respects he has the true art of a novelist, he is able to breathe life into his characters, but in other respects his performances continue to fumble and falter, to limp and to fall to pieces. For a serious practitioner of his art he is capable of impeding a good narrative in a variety of ways quite amazing. To deny that Poor White is a creation, an organism, with a life of its own, would be to sin against the light: but it is only fair to say that Mr. Anderson's limitations make Poor White an incomplete, a maimed, organism.

Only a good psychologist could account for these limitations. For some reason probably obscure to the creator himself, Mr. Anderson's novels do not always complete the act of parturition. When it comes to the full projection of his vision, he is in some way slow and feeble and withholding; and the result is that heavy inarticulateness which in a creative artist is so benumbing. Perhaps the reason is to be found in an actual habit of fuddling the details, the articulation, of life which goes with a certain markedly turned-in temperament. But whatever the reason, Sherwood Anderson is not an acute listener to other people, an acute observer of their idioms and idiosyncrasies. And his actual process of narrative is hopelessly shambling. Whenever he gains that momentum which is the secret of absorbing narrative, he is likely at any moment to interrupt himself with a long out-of-place reminiscence and to chuck his whole advantage away. He has only a small sense of the values of form. And yet nebular and inchoate as is his method, groping as is his touch, his sombre metaphysical preoccupation and his smouldering sensuousness do produce a curious large illusion of life. That the illusion is so big, under the circumstances, is a proof of the inherent force in Mr. Anderson when he sets out to communicate his barbaric America.

It is the barbaric America that came after the Civil War which Mr. Anderson puts into Poor White—the America of the rapidly growing machine-process not only in the making of tools and the making of fortunes, but also in the making of men. The town of Bidwell, Ohio, is the centre of this story, and Mr. Anderson is interested in portraying the kind of hard purposeful Americans who worked as yeast in the community, doing their level worst to make Ohio what it now is. What we get, in the main, is not their tangible conventional appearances, the sort of obvious Thackerayan detail with which William Allen White loads up his later stories. Mr. Anderson is too intent on reality for that. We get instead the formative instincts of these people, their urgencies and inhibitions, the forces that prodded them along. This leads to a certain strangeness in Mr. Anderson's reading of his fellows. It gives him very little chance to show them as anything but perpetually self-regarding and self-centred, seldom irradiated or social or humane. But for all the rawness which comes from such cruel over-simplification of the social human animal, the total effect is full of a clumsy veracity, a ponderable truth. The shrewd and tricky promoter, the stupid but tenacious bankers, the hard-headed farmer-capitalist who becomes so boastful and self-sufficient, the old farm-hand who used to be a bounty-jumper and who alone sympathizes with the farmer's daughter, the oafs who are young farm-hands, the harness maker who is crazed in becoming a money maker, the plant-setting machine crowd and the corn-cutting machine crowd—these make up the Bidwell against which are pitted the two finer personalities of the story, both dreamers.

It is characteristic of Mr. Anderson to oppose to the squalor and baseness of early capitalistic America, which he depicts so starkly, such a figure as that of Hugh McVey, the "poor white trash." McVey is born and reared on the west bank of the Mississippi, and the story of his aimless and shiftless childhood is beautifully imaginative. Under the influence of a New England woman McVey learns to work, although he never learns to untangle himself from the solitariness that he acquired with his drunkard father in the old river life. He moves from Missouri to Iowa and Iowa to Ohio in the quest of a framework for his dreams, and at last in Ohio he becomes an inventor out of the very loneliness and silence that his tall, gangling, awkward presence brings with it. He is, in a pronounced degree, a dumb animal. But he is a dreamer. And his dreams are of the character which fascinate Mr. Anderson as the real attribute of psychological mystery and romance.

Among the blunt, dull, rough, insensate inhabitants of Bidwell, Clara Butterworth naturally gravitates to Hugh McVey. It is part of the clumsiness of the story that Clara, so well imagined by Mr. Anderson, should only be brought into Hugh's life at the tail-end. Her career at the State University, the intimidations from her father and the other men who surround her, her propulsion in the direction of marriage and her profound ignorance that is only partially lifted by the woman who falls in love with her—these elements in her portrayal are admirable. But so intelligent a woman sounds so strangely baffled in the later phases of the story that one wonders if Mr. Anderson ever concedes the proper degree of energy to the will of his favorite characters.

No amount of energy, however, could mould this community very close to these dreamers' desires. That is the final impression that one derives from Mr. Anderson's sensitiveness. It is, one feels, a poet's sensitiveness that has endured torture in the very era that is being represented. Has it transmuted that torture into a crystal of imagination? Not quite perfectly. But that is because of impatience and amateurishness. Imagination hovers around every scene of the novel, only sometimes failing to alight.

F. H.

The So-called Peace

The Peace Tangle, by John F. Bass. New York: The Macmillan Co.

NOW that the smoke screens of election have cleared away and there is no longer reason why anyone should view the work of the peacemakers and of President Wilson, in particular, through lenses of political prejudice, it is worth everyone's while to review from the beginning the course of events that has brought the condition of Europe to the present tangle. For nothing has been settled by the election. It is still to be determined

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what role America shall play with respect to Europe. For its bearing on the future action of the United States, rather than for its historical interest, although that is considerable, The Peace Tangle, by Mr. John Bass, deserves attention. Mr. Bass is a plain American who understands America and is well acquainted with Europe. As the responsible representative of one of our most important dailies, he has been in a peculiarly favorable position to know how the peace was made and how it has worked. His book falls short of some of the other accounts, notably that of Keynes, in organization of material, in charm of style and subtlety of argument. In compensation it offers superior evidence of candor, freedom from preconception and party bias and respect for the independence of the reader's judgment. Mr. Bass gives us his opinions in the raw, for what they are worth. There is not a trace of a desire to persuade us whether we are convinced or not.

At the time when the power of Germany crumbled two conflicting programs of settlements were in existence. One was that of President Wilson, which contemplated a peace of reconciliation, without annexations not justified by the choice of the peoples concerned and without punitive indemnities. Such a settlement, inherently reasonable and therefore capable of stability, was to be further guaranteed by a League of Nations. The other program was that of the Secret Treaties. Those treaties had constructed what at the time looked to its architects like an inherently stable peace of power. The great Powers of the Entente were to be held together by common complicity in imperialistic gains. Russia was to have Constantinople and Thrace, and to balance that France and Italy were to get favored positions in Asia Minor, Italy was to be insured against Pan-Slavism by the control of the Adriatic, England was to have additional protection for India through suzerainty over Palestine and a free hand in Mesopotamia. France was to gain the Rhine as a frontier through the creation of a buffer state under her influence and Russia was to take whatever she thought she could digest of the east of Germany. It is needless to recall more of the details of the Secret Treaties. They are tolerably known to all the world. It is idle to inveigh against the spirit they reveal. It is the spirit of the old diplomacy, of Bismarck, Metternich, Richelieu, Palmerston. That spirit was the absolute antithesis of the spirit of Wilson's proposals, to which the Entente Allies gave lip service; taking them either for naive idealism or for a clever assault upon the enemies' morale. But were not the terms of the armistice couched in Wilsonian terms, formally accepted by the Allies? Yes, by the governments, but who expects a scrupulous regard for engagements on the part of European governments? As for the peoples of France and Italy, and to a large extent those of England, they seem never to have understood that the armistice conditions involved engagements as to the kind of peace that was to be made. Mr. Bass points out that the government controlled press took care that the people should not be informed on this point. The "Allied democracies" had no complicity in the turpitude of the governments in welching on their pre-armistice agreements.

Inasmuch as the Allied governments felt no moral obligation to observe those agreements, the whole issue between the two programs of peace turned on expediency. Was an "idealistic" peace of reconciliation as conducive to Allied interests as the peace based on force implied in the Secret Treaties? Any one who is willing to be wise after the event can easily assure himself that the idealist Wilson had the really practical program. Under the Wilson propaganda the German autocracy had been toppled over and the Austro-Hungarian empire had dissolved. With a Wilsonian definition of boundaries the bitterness of defeat would gradually have given way to contentment with a new and superior political system. With the Wilsonian limitations on indemnities it would have been possible to put Central Europe at work paying them off. Relieved of the burden of maintaining armies adequate to enforce a peace of violence, insured against sporadic attack by the League, the Allied governments would have had a chance of reconstituting their economic life and their financial systems.

But the Allied statesmen at Versailles could not see the practical wisdom of Wilsonian idealism. All they could see was that a chance had come to realize on the dreams of the Secret Treaties. They saw no necessity of making allowance for the fact that the disappearance of the Russian claim to Constantinople had cut the ground of compensation from under Italian, French and British claims in the Adriatic and the Near East. They did not take into their calculations the collapse of autocratic Russia, the very keystone of the arch of a peace of violence. For Germany was to be kept under not by France alone, but by France and Russia, held to perpetual alliance by complicity in German dismemberment.

The treaty dictated at Versailles, as Mr. Bass points out, is essentially a codification of the Secret Treaties. "Wherever the text of the secret treaties came in conflict with the Fourteen Points, the former always prevailed. Wherever the text did not apply, the spirit of the secret treaties invariably prevailed over that of the Fourteen Points." Because Russia had disappeared as a factor in the settlement, Poland, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia were given as much alien territory as might be necessary to insure their cooperation in keeping the vanquished down. But any practical statesman must have realized that as compared with the original keystone, autocratic Russia, those small states are a handful of rubble.

The European statesmen built the peace according to their own plans and specifications. How is their practicalism working? There is in Germany a hatred for France exceeding the French hatred for Germany after 1871. The old Austro-Hungarian realm is a nest of Balkanic hatreds, each state discriminating against the rest in trade, willing to continue in economic distress so long as its neighbors may be made to suffer. Russia is likely to develop into a peasant democracy that will not remember Allied policy in the last years with gratitude. Conflicting interests are drawing England, France and Italy apart. There is no immediate danger of a war of revenge; for a decade or more there will be little fighting spirit in Central Europe. But only a thoroughgoing revision of the Treaty, in the direction of "Wilsonian idealism," can save Europe from either revolutionary disintegration or a war of revenge within a generation.

But might not the League save it? Mr. Bass does not think so. "The treaties have made new Alsace-Lorraines. To maintain the new territorial boundaries armed force will be required. The League of Nations can not prevent these conflicts because the League depends for its effectiveness on the goodwill of peoples. Such goodwill cannot be reached when the principal thought and object of nations is the liberation of their co-nationals." Would the League be able to forestall the conflicts by revising the Treaty? Mr. Bass can see no effective power for

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revision in the League as constituted. He points out that the revision is in fact going on, not through the initiative of the League, but because there is not force enough in the League to give fixity to settlements with no other basis than force. It follows that Mr. Bass would oppose America's entry into the League without reservations effective enough to make possible an abstention from any conflict arising out of an attempt to perpetuate wrongs committed in the Treaty.

In the opinion of Mr. Bass one of the gravest mistakes of the Peace Conference was the failure to take up the economic condition of Europe first of all. The problem of Central Europe is that of national political lines cutting across economic lines. The old Hungary, for example, was economically a well-balanced unit, but nationally and politically a monstrosity. The same thing holds of the present Czecho-Slovakia. A precondition to the drawing of political boundaries should have been adequate provision for continued economic cooperation. The League of Nations should have been primarily an economic league. That would not have precluded a reasonable development of economic nationalism. It would, however, have forestalled some of the economic antagonisms that have rendered Central Europe almost past redemption from chaos. On this point, as in the matter of the principles of the settlement, the American commissioners appear to have been on the right side.

We were beaten in both. But the settlement is not working, and can not work. It is being gradually modified and it is well that we are standing outside instead of being used to check the progress of revision. To stand outside, however, can not be our permanent policy. The fate of Europe is too nearly our own fate. Mr. Bass urges that "our effort should be to change the League from a political to a judicial and economic body." For such a policy extensive support could probably be found in America. There can no longer be any expectation anywhere that America will fight for the maintenance of all the provisions of the Versailles Treaty, just or unjust, wise or mad. That does not mean that America will hold aloof, when the other nations are ready to work in good faith for a real peace.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Anaesthetic Philosophy

Pluriverse. An Essay in the Philosophy of Pluralism, by Benjamin Paul Blood. With an Introduction by Horace Meyer Kallen, Ph.D. Boston: Marshall Jones Co.

WOULD the philosophical world at large, one wonders, ever have heard of Benjamin Paul Blood, if William James had not quoted him appreciatively in one of his books and written an article or two about him as a "pluralistic mystic"? Certainly, it is hard to think that this present volume could ever have found a publisher on its intrinsic merits. In 1874 Blood wrote and circulated a pamphlet entitled The Anaesthetic Revelation and the Gist of Philosophy, which brought him into correspondence with Tennyson and Gurney, Emerson and Sir William Ramsay, Stirling and James. In the last years of his life he returned to the topic, and the result is Pluriverse, posthumously published. Even Dr. Kallen's interesting and sympathetic introduction does not convince me that the aftermath was worth gathering in. The central point of the book is simple enough. It is that philosophy is "of all our vanities the motliest," and that the "satisfaction" which it seeks, the sense of security through insight into the mystery of being, is not to be obtained through argument and reasoning but through the illumination or revelation which comes under the influence of anaesthetics.

Now, in the first place, it is something of a paradox that a man thus profoundly convinced of the futility of all philosophy and the self-sufficiency of his revelation, should spend over two hundred pages in philosophical argument before he ever comes to his revelation at all. And what argument it is—about "duplexity," idealism, monism, "self-relation," free will, and so on, with quotations and polemics in the best professorial manner. The style, as even James admitted, is oracular and strained, in spite of occasional felicities. The exposition, though relieved here and there by a shrewd comment or a flash of insight, is on the whole incoherent and at times self-contradictory. On page 1 we read that truth is "what likeness explicitly lacks, and what identity only could supply." On page 214 it has become "a quality of resemblance, not of identity." Page 36 tells us "that the reliability and permanence of chance are the most consolatory elements of philosophy." Page 189 declares man's belief in his being "the instrument of a higher power" to be his "best and least costly reverence." Throughout the book the anaesthetic revelation itself is phrased in terms of "fate" and "prehistoric necessity." e. g. when it is described as a "sense that it was always so, and has to be so." This conglomerate of chance, necessity, and God should suffice even for the most pluralistic pluralist. Blood's rare allusions to scientific matters are, as Dr. Kallen candidly acknowledges, naive. The chapter on Cause ends with a wholly irrelevant anecdote about Dr. Stirling, the "moral" of which is that if you are a good Hegalian you are bound to be a fool in business. The chapter on Self-Relation is largely filled with quotations from, and stale polemics against, W. T. Harris's Introduction to Philosophy and Stephen Pearl Andrews's Universology (long happily forgotten). Was it really necessary to publish all this, under the pretentious title of Pluriverse, as a serious contribution to the philosophy of Pluralism? Even Dr. Kallen, with all his skill of friendly exposition, does not succeed in squeezing much philosophical substance out of these pages.

In the second place, it is difficult to convince oneself that there is any intelligible connection between Blood's revelation and his philosophical theorizings. In one passage Blood acknowledges this himself. "I have to reiterate that this clear vision has nothing to do with philosophy." It has, he goes on, no relation to the empirical facts of the world, to any purpose of life, to any problems of metaphysics. What then can we get out of it? Tennyson, we are reminded, used to throw himself into trances by repeating his own name silently to himself, until he felt his individuality "dissolve and fade away into boundless being," and he describes this state as "the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words." Sir William Ramsay, experimenting on these anaesthetic revelations, records experiencing in that state the most intense belief in "the truth of Berkeley's theory of existence," though he concludes that a repetition of the experience gets him no further and is bad for the nerves. Another subject describes it as yielding "the one sole and sufficient insight why the present is pushed on by the past, and sucked forward by the vacuity of the future." Blood's own account gives it as "an illumination of the cosmic centre, in which that field of thought where haunt the topics of fate, origin, reason, and divinity glows for the moment in an inevitable but hardly communicable appreciation of the genius of being."

The only point in which all reporters agree is their intense and vivid sense, as they "come to" again, of having

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"All Right Then—I'll Go to Hell!"

"IT was awful thoughts and awful words, but they was said and I let them stay said."

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So he tore up the note and swore he would never reform again. He would steal Jim out of slavery, he would—and if he could think up anything worse, he'd do that too. As long as he was going to hell anyway, he might as well make it worth while. Who ever knew the heart of a boy as does

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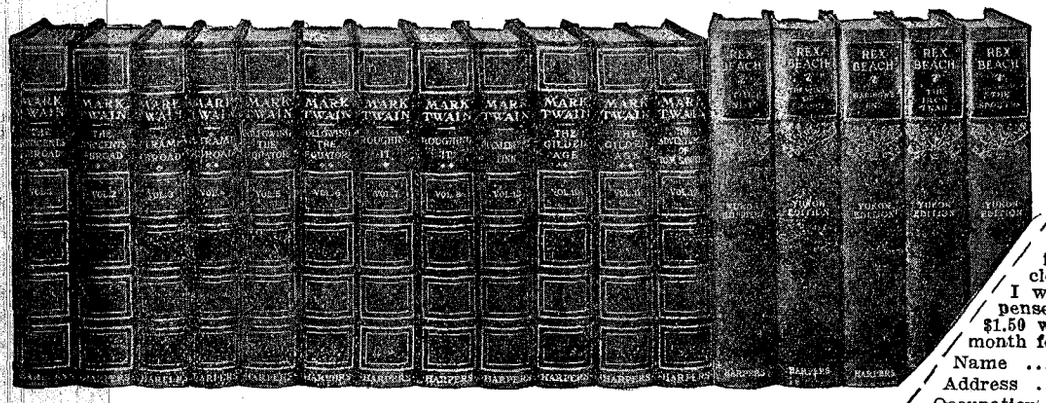

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possessed the solution of the mystery of existence. But concerning the purport of that solution they differ from one another, each straining the resources of language in the effort to recapture something of the thought-transcending swoon into mere being. Yet if it is of the very essence of the experience to be ineffable, what guarantee have we that any form of speech can render its true meaning? On the other hand, in being put into words at all, the experience becomes theorized and must hold its own in competition with other theories of the universe. Securer far are the mystics who declare that silence alone accords with the state of complete insight!

If we wish to be very generous, we may concede to these ineffable revelations in trance or anaesthesia some remote affinity with Bergson's intuition of the élan vital, or even with Bradley's thought-transcending Absolute of immediate experience, or with any of the other anti-intellectualistic tendencies in modern philosophy. But even so interpreted, they surely weigh lightly in the scale against that other way of philosophy which seeks the solution of the riddle, not through abnormal and artificially-induced experiences, but through the broad avenues of normal human experience and achievement. So long as we are far from having exhausted all that can be learned about the universe through science and art, through social life and religion, is it seriously proposed that universities should administer anaesthetics to their philosophical classes, or teach their Ph.D.'s the gentle art of inducing auto-hypnosis by the mumbling of their own names? There is no need to doubt that anaesthesia brings to some men sensations and feelings which they think worth repeating and cultivating. In the East they have explored these things far more fully and developed a technique from which those who care for these things might learn much. But there is no convincing evidence that these revelations have the spiritual value claimed for them, or should be ranked otherwise than with the dreams of opium-eaters. It may be doubted whether Blood's "religion of courage and content which cherishes neither regrets nor anticipations" was a fruit of his anaesthetic revelation. At any rate, most sane and reasonable men do not need to gather their religion in the obscure by-ways of abnormal experience, and one cannot help feeling that Blood's memory would have been better served had it been allowed to live only through the pages of William James.

R. F. A. H.

A Handbook of Russian Literature

A Guide to Russian Literature (1820-1917), by Moissaye J. Olgin. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

THE book is expressly not devised as a "history," nor does it lay claim to be a history. It is devised as a handbook, and offers itself just as a handbook; yet the American reader or student of Russian literature will find it of much greater value as a history than any so-called history he can lay his hands on in English. The author does not call his book a history because "from the literary productions of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries it selects only those which have a value for the present, either on account of their artistic qualities, or as representing some aspect of Russian life." Whatever academic historian is now preparing a "history" of Russian literature that shall be of real value to American students would do well to ponder some of the principles of this unpretentious guidemaker. Mr. Olgin's book gives a plain answer to the question continually asked by American readers—"What shall I read to understand Russian character and Russian life?" And his particular thesis, "that modern literature in its best manifestations gives a better insight into the soul of modern Russia than the works of long passed generations," is well taken.

The book is divided into three sections, each of which is introduced by a "general survey" defining succinctly the outstanding characteristics of the period or group of writers involved. The first section, entitled The Growth of a National Literature, extends from Pushkin to Korolenko—from 1820 through the eighties—and includes brief chapters on thirty-two writers. The second section deals with the "Modernists"—the group with a "gospel of beauty, a lack of interest in socio-political problems, and a strong inclination towards a mystical conception of life"—and includes chapters on eight writers, such as Bryusov, Sologub, Block, and Andrey Byely. The third section, entitled The Recent Tide—the age of Gorki—has chapters on fourteen writers, such as Andreyev, Veresayev, Kuprin, Artzibashev, and Ropshin. Of the method followed in the treatment of individual authors, the ten-page chapter on Andreyev may serve as an illustration. There is first a statement of Andreyev's outlook on life, of the germ of his artistic creation; then an indication of the Russian background for Andreyev's thought; then a suggestion about his "methods," backed by excerpts from Russian critics; then brief notes on twenty dated works, intermingled again with interpretative comments from Russian critics; and, finally, in a bracketed footnote, some titles of works not taken care of in the chapter. The student will find immensely valuable these dates for individual works, and unceasingly interesting these little excerpts from Russian critics and reviewers. The book contains also an appendix on Juvenile Literature in Russia, a special pronouncing list of the names of the writers in alphabetical order, and a carefully proof-read index.

Mr. Olgin has brought forth a handbook of the first class. There is one thing that will make it more useful still as a handbook—a little addition that can be managed without any change in paging or alignment: namely, the inclusion of the birth and death dates of the writers in the table of contents.

CLARENDON ROSS.

Contributors

H. N. BRAILSFORD's article is the first of a series on Russia which are to appear in The New Republic. They will be published in book form by Harper and Brothers.

GARET GARRETT is a frequent contributor to newspapers and magazines under the pseudonym John Parr. He is the author of Where Money Grows.

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